STORIES OF THE EMERALD ISLE

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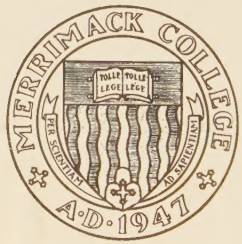

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STORIES OF THE EMERALD ISLE

BY

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AND

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PREFACE

IRELAND is a veritable treasure house of song and story. Her folk lore is the most chaste and refined of all the world. It reflects the tenderest sentiments, and when legend and romance yield to narrative the pages of Ireland's history are luminous with adventure and heroism. Her beautiful Gaelic glows in recital of the deeds of brave-hearted men and pure-souled women. Her classic literature is an indisputable witness that, from very remote times, a high civilization was maintained throughout Ireland by her bards, her priests, and her kings.

In the early centuries of Christianity, when the rest of Europe was enshrouded in darkness, Ireland was the intellectual center of the world. From her famous schools and monasteries, saints and scholars went forth to civilize and Christianize all Europe.

The foreigner came plundering and destroying, seeking to deprive her of her ancient liberties. Then was exhibited a stubborn resistance that challenges the admiration of mankind; a chivalry, a patriotism, a heroic self-sacrifice never anywhere excelled.

Exile, and famine, and relentless persecution came to blight her — yet Ireland remained proud in her grief and her desolation.

Her emblem was the harp. She sang, though often sadly; through all her tears were smiles. The sunburst had been upon her banner in the olden time. Still with her, Hope was eternal. She looked through all the clouds for the dawn of a better day!

This little book is presented in hope that our boys and girls, by reading it, may develop a genuine and an abiding love for nobility of character, for unselfish service, for the cause of human liberty; and appreciate what Old Ireland has done to preserve and to perpetuate all of these.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Ancient Irish	1
The Expulsion of Breas	6
The Coming of Luga	9
The Defeat of the Fomorians	14
The Story of the Harp	17
The Isle of Destiny	21
The Song of Inisfail—*Thomas Moore*	24
The Story of Deirdre	25
The Return of the Sons of Usnach	29
Cuchulain — The War of the Bull	36
The Boruma Tribute	43
Cormac MacAirt	48
Ossian — The Last of the Bards	52
St. Patrick's Youth	59
St. Patrick's Mission	62
The Fall of Crom Cruach	68
The Death of St. Patrick	70
Saint Brigid	73
Ciaran at the Monastery of Clonard	76
The Coming of the Norsemen	82
The Quarrel of the Chieftains	86
The Battle of Clontarf	89
The Coming of Strongbow	93
Edward Bruce in Ireland	97
Art MacMurrough Kavanagh	102
The Earl of Kildare	107
Gervaise	109
Shane O'Neill and Queen Elizabeth	114
Hugh Roe O'Donnell	118
The Battle of the Yellow Ford	122

PAGE

The Plantation of Ulster 125
Owen Roe O'Neill 130
Patrick Sarsfield 134
The Siege of Limerick 141
Athlone 143
The Penal Laws 146
Henry Grattan and the Union 148
Robert Emmet and Rebellion 154
She is Far from the Land — *Thomas Moore* 160
Irish Men of Letters 161
Edmund Burke and American Taxation 166
O'Connell and Emancipation 170
The Famine of 1846 175
John Boyle O'Reilly 179
What is Good?—*John Boyle O'Reilly* 183
The Irish Nuns at Ypres 184
Glossary 189

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Kian and Ethna 11

The Magic Harp 19

Maev, Ailell and the Bull 37

Ossian and Niam 55

King Logaire Sees the Paschal Fire 65

Ciaran Going to Clonard 79

Edward Bruce at Dundalk 99

Gervaise and Sir William Dickson 111

Henry Grattan 151

Robert Emmet 157

Richard Brinsley Sheridan
After a portrait by Gainsborough 163

Oliver Goldmsith 165

Edmund Burke 167

Daniel O'Connell 171

John Boyle O'Reilly 181

STORIES OF THE EMERALD ISLE

THE ANCIENT IRISH

Stories of Ireland go back so many, many years, that nobody can really tell just when it was that made-up stories, or legends, ended, and true stories began. Until the days of the Saints, the stories are legendary, and even in the times of the Saints themselves there is much of myth, so that it is occasionally difficult to separate fact from fancy.

About two thousand years before Christ was born, there lived in Ireland a race of people called the Nemedians.[1] They were short and stocky, with black hair and eyes, and a swarthy complexion. They had come to Ireland from the southern part of Europe. Nobody knows why they came so far to find a home, but it may have been because they wanted to escape from a cruel government, or because, in search of adventure, they had happened to come to Ireland and found it so pleasant that they stayed.

After they had lived there peacefully for some time, a race of sea-robbers, called Fomorians,[2] sailed to Ireland from Scandinavia. Ireland was the most beautiful country imaginable. Sparkling streams and rivers tumbled down hills and through pleasant green valleys into big blue lakes and inland seas. Deep dark forests sur-

[1] Nemedian, nĕ mē′dĭ an.

[2] Fomorian, fo mō′rĭ an.

rounded long stretches of grassy plains; and along the far-away edge of a meadow rose mountains, blue in the daytime and full of changing colors at sunset. The bright purple heather bloomed thick on the mountain sides, and sweet was the scent of the dew on the Irish grasses.

The Fomorians, used to taking whatever they wanted, thought that Ireland was just the place for them, and decided to remain there. This aroused the anger of the Nemedians, and many fierce battles followed. The Nemedians held out as long as they could, but finally they had to yield; and many of them, rather than be made captives of the Fomorians, took ship and found refuge in different parts of Europe.

Several hundred years later, the descendants of some of those very Nemedians who had fled from Ireland, came back under the name of Firbolgs.[1] They avenged their ancestors by conquering the Fomorians who had ruled Ireland so long. They did not treat them harshly, however, because the country was large enough for both. The Fomorians, who were great seamen and fishermen, lived along the western coast and on the islands near by; while the Firbolgs, who did not care to rove about, but liked rather to hunt and to shoot, lived inland. But, as the Firbolgs were conquerors, they claimed the right to divide the land among their five leaders. These divisions later came to be called Connaught, Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Meath.

It was less than fifty years after the Firbolgs had conquered the Fomorians that a band of warriors, sailing in their long ships from the southern part of Sweden, chanced upon the shores of Ireland. These people were the DeDanaans,[2] and they, too, were said to be descended from the ancient Nemedians. They were tall and strong,

[1] Firbolgs, feer′ bŏlgs. [2] DeDanaan, jĕ ja nŏn′.

with golden hair, blue eyes, and a fair skin. They came to the northern shore of Ireland, and sailing up a smooth broad river as far as their boats could go, found the country so pleasant and fertile, the woods so cool and

IRELAND

dark, fish and wild animals so abundant, that they decided to make this place their home.

So they disembarked, and, in order that no one might ever be tempted to return to his old home, their leader, Nuadat,[1] ordered that all the ships be burned.

[1] Nuadat, noo′ ät.

Before long the news of their arrival came to the ears of Eocaid,[1] king of the Firbolgs, and he was angry that any one should trespass upon his land, and curious to know what manner of people they were. Rumor said that they were great magicians who had come, without ships, from no one knew where — the very heavens, perhaps — and that they looked unlike any people ever seen in Ireland before.

So Eocaid chose Sreng,[2] his boldest and strongest warrior, to go forth and find out what he could about the newcomers. Hearing of this, they chose their mightiest warrior, Breas,[3] to meet Sreng. The DeDanaans did not wish for war, and so they told Breas to make peace if he could.

When Sreng saw Breas he was surprised and somewhat awed. In spite of rumors about these new people, Sreng had not expected to find anyone quite so different from his own people as this fair-haired youth, standing before him straight and tall, with a long, slender, shining spear in his hand. He grasped his own dull, thickly-made spear more tightly and frowned; but Breas stood undaunted, ready to play the part of the peacemaker.

"Greetings, friend," he said. "Does all this bright and beautiful land belong to thee and thy people?"

Sreng nodded.

"'Tis a fair and pleasant place," continued Breas. "I and my people would stay and dwell here too."

Sreng shook his head.

"You are not welcome," he said.

"But why?" asked Breas. "The woods are full of deer, and the rivers of fish. The country is wide enough for both your people and mine. May we not live here together in peace?"

[1] Eocaid, ōch'ee. [2] Sreng, srăng. [3] Breas, brăss.

Again Sreng shook his head.

"Our king has lived here long and ruled without dispute. There is no room for strangers like you, and so he orders you to return whence you came."

At that Breas became angry.

"You shall see what you shall see," said he. "Tell your king that though we offered peace, we are not afraid to fight for the right to live here. He will rue the day that he refused our offer."

Turning on his heel, he returned to King Nuadat, and Sreng went back to Eocaid.

When Nuadat heard Breas's report he immediately called together his warriors and bade them make ready for battle.

King Eocaid's army was ready for war, and the two forces met, early on a summer morning at Southern Mag Tured,[1] the plain of the rock pillars. All one long day they fought and a part of the next day, until finally the Firbolgs were defeated. There were only three hundred of their warriors left, with Sreng as the leader. The victorious Nuadat generously allowed Sreng to select any province in Ireland he wished to make his own, and Sreng chose the western province, called Connaught.

[1] Mag Tured, mwee' tchĕ ra.

THE EXPULSION OF BREAS

In the battle at Mag Tured, Nuadat had lost his left hand. As it was against the custom of the DeDanaans to have a wounded man for their ruler, they chose a man named Breas to be king in his stead. This was not the same Breas who had gone out to fight Sreng.

Breas was the son of a DeDanaan woman named Eri,[1] but it was not known who his father was. He was strong and beautiful, with a flowing black beard and sharp piercing eyes. The DeDanaans thought that he would make a splendid ruler, but they soon found that they were mistaken, for in spite of his regal appearance, he had no kingly qualities. He allowed the Fomorians to impose heavy taxes and to cut off the nose of any man who refused to pay his share of the tribute. He added to the burden of his subjects by making them pay taxes to him also. He was richer than any of the neighboring kings, but he gave no hospitality to chiefs, to nobles, or to harpers who came to his court. This made his people hate him still more, for to them there was nothing in the world more shameful than that their prince should lack generosity and hospitality.

One day there came to Breas's court a poet by the name of Corpry. He was a wonderful singer and had always been welcome wherever he went. But at Breas's palace he was given a small dark chamber without any furniture or any fire on the hearth. No food or drink was offered to him for a long time. Finally they brought

[1] Eri, ā′ rĭ.

him three dry cakes without wine or water to wash them down.

Hurt and angry, the poet, in his lonely little room, wrote a verse about Breas, saying,

"Without food quickly served,
Without a cow's milk whereon a calf can grow,
Without a dwelling fit for a man under the gloomy night,
Without men to entertain a bardic company —
Let such be the condition of Breas."

Verses of this kind were supposed in Ireland to have a magic effect. So when the people heard these lines they kept repeating them with glee, until at length Breas was so unpopular that he had to lay down the kingship.

Meanwhile Nuadat's hand had been restored through the skill of the most wonderful healer in all Ireland. This made it possible for him to become king again, and he was chosen by his people with one accord.

Breas full of anger went to his mother Eri, and said,

"Tell me who my father is that I may seek him out and, with him, take vengeance on these DeDanaans."

Eri was thoughtful for a while. Then she said,

"It is a long story, but I will tell you as briefly as I can. Thy father's name is Elatha.[1] He is one of the Kings of the Fomorians, and long ago came secretly overseas on a mission for his people. We loved each other and were wed. But soon he was forced to return, and since his departure I have never seen him. That was many, many years ago. Before he went he gave to me this ring, and bade me bestow it only upon him whose finger it would fit. Take it, my son, and see if thou canst wear it."

Breas unfastened the golden chain that was around

[1] Elatha, ĕ lā′ hȧ.

his mother's neck and took from it the ring that hung there. He slipped it upon the third finger of his left hand and it fitted exactly.

Seeing this, his mother exclaimed,

"We will go together overseas to thy father's kingdom. There he will acknowledge thee as his son, and will aid thee in thy strife against the DeDanaans. For the Fomorians are enemies of every other race that lives in Ireland."

So Breas and his mother went down to the shore and set sail for the land of King Elatha.

THE COMING OF LUGA[1]

The great High King of the Fomorians was Balor[2] of the Evil Eye. He was a giant in stature, and had gained his name because of a huge eye in the middle of his forehead, one glance from which would turn a man to stone.

Balor had one daughter. When she was born it was prophesied by the Chief Druid that her son would one day cause the death of his grandfather, the King. Balor, determined to avert this doom, built a high tower on a rocky headland on Tory Island, where he imprisoned his tiny daughter Ethna.[3] The tower was unapproachable from any side, for the water whirled and lashed at the foot of the steep cliff on which it was built. In order to be doubly sure that no prince should ever come courting her, Balor had Ethna guarded by twelve matrons.

For eighteen years the princess lived in the rockbound tower. Every day she grew lovelier and fairer, until she was by far the most beautiful princess in all Ireland. Only Balor saw her, and he did not visit her often for he was busy with the affairs of his kingdom.

But one day Kian,[4] the sun god, in his passage through the heavens, chanced to see the lovely maiden as she was sitting at the window of the tower gazing wistfully into the waters below. No sooner had he seen her than he loved her, and determined to have her for his wife. Changing himself into a sunbeam, for gods could take any shape they pleased, Kian came in at her window.

[1] Luga, loo′ a.
[2] Balor, bă′ lor.
[3] Ethna, ā′ nĕ.
[4] Kian, kee′ an.

Once in the room he assumed the human form of a prince, handsome in face and figure and richly arrayed in royal garments. Ethna was dazzled and at first a little afraid. Kian spoke gently to her, saying,

"Fear nothing, lovely princess, for I have not come to harm thee. I am the sun god Kian, and I have come only because I love thee and would have thee for my wife."

Still the princess was so bewildered that she was unable to speak.

"Wilt be my wife?" he asked her. "I cannot take thee from here, but every day I will come to thee. Thou needst not fear punishment, for none will know that I come." He was so beautiful, and his manner was so gentle and tender that at last the princess Ethna consented.

A year or more they lived together. And though the matrons wondered at the sudden happiness of their princess they did not know of her lover, for Kian was invisible to all but her. At last there was born to Kian and Ethna a little son. This could not be concealed from the twelve matrons, and it was not long before the news reached the ears of Balor. Angry and frightened, Balor sent a messenger to the island with orders to take the child and drown it in a whirlpool off the coast of Ireland.

So the baby was taken from his sorrowing mother, pinned in a sheet, and carried away according to the order of the king. But as the messenger was making his way toward the appointed place, the pin in the sheet came loose and the baby dropped out into a little bay which has ever since been called the Haven of the Pin.

"Ho!" thought the messenger, "any deep water will do as well as the whirlpool. I will go back and tell the king the child is drowned."

KIAN AND ETHNA

So he returned to Balor, who was well satisfied when he heard the messenger's report.

But the child, whom all thought to be drowned, was watched over by a Druidess, and when he fell into the bay she snatched him up and wafted him through the clouds to his father Kian.

Ethna, grieving over the fate of her child, fell sick. Day after day she grew worse. Nothing could cheer her. Her lovely face grew paler and paler, her head drooped with weariness, her eyes were dimmed with tears. At last she died.

Kian was beside himself with grief, but he had his little son, and on him he lavished all the love that he had given before to the sweet Ethna.

He called the boy Luga, and taught him every manner of arts and handicraft, so that when Luga reached manhood there was no trade in which he was not more skilled than any other man.

Kian was determined to be revenged upon Balor for the evil which had caused the death of Ethna. When Luga was old enough Kian told him the whole story and bade him go to the palace of Nuadat, King of the DeDanaans, and take service there. As Luga set out, Kian said to him,

"Whatever happens, fear nothing; for thou art destined to kill Balor of the Evil Eye, and there is no warrior, nor band of warriors that can harm thee. Do not, however, reveal thy name until the time when Balor shall march against the DeDanaans."

When Luga arrived at the palace of Nuadat, he knocked at the gate. To the doorkeeper who answered, he said,

"I am a carpenter and would take service with Nuadat, the King of the DeDanaans."

The doorkeeper replied, "We have a carpenter, and need no other."

"Then take me in as a smith, for I am skilled in that trade also."

"Nay, we have a smith too," said the doorkeeper.

"A warrior —"

"We have many warriors."

"I am a poet and a harper."

"We have many of those too."

"As a physician I can heal any disease."

"We have a physician," said the doorkeeper, and started to close the door impatiently.

"But," said Luga, "hast thou anyone who is skilled in all these arts? If so then I will go elsewhere and seek no longer to take service with the king. But if not, I pray thee take counsel with Nuadat and see if I may not be allowed to enter the household."

At that the doorkeeper went in to his master. When Nuadat heard of this wonderful man, he was only too glad to have him in his service.

So Luga was received, and he was called the Ildana,[1] which means "All Craftsman," or Prince of all Sciences.

[1] Ildana, íl dä′ nä.

THE DEFEAT OF THE FOMORIANS

It was shortly after Luga's arrival at the palace of Nuadat that Breas and his mother came to the kingdom of Elatha. When the King saw the ring on Breas's finger he recognized his wife and child, and, overjoyed, embraced them both again and again.

To his father, Breas told the story of his expulsion. King Elatha was angry.

"The DeDanaans have gone too far," he exclaimed. "We will join forces with Balor and crush them once and for all."

Now Balor of the Evil Eye was getting old and feeble; his eye drooped so that the vast eyelid had to be lifted up by his men with ropes and pulleys. But once opened his eye had lost none of its original power and his foes still dreaded his approach. Balor was only too glad to aid King Elatha and Breas. He immediately called together seven battalions, and they all started for the land of the DeDanaans.

Luga, hearing of their approach, went to King Nuadat and said, "Now I will prove that thou didst well in taking me into thy palace. Fear nothing, for in all the world there is no warrior or band of warriors who can defeat the DeDanaans so long as I live. I am armed with the magical equipment that my foster father, the Seagod Mananan [1] MacLir gave to me. My steed Enbarr [2] of the Flowing Mane is so fleet both on land and on sea

[1] Mananan Maclir, mä nä′ nin măc leer′.

[2] Enbarr, en′ var.

that even an arrow can not overtake her. I have Mananan's breastplate and coat of mail which no weapon can pierce, and at my side," he fingered the jeweled hilt of his sword, "hangs The Answerer which will never fail to bring death to him it wounds."

With these encouraging words Luga rode off toward the battalions of the enemy. At last he came to Mag Tured, the "Plain of the Assembly," where they were encamped. The helmet that Luga wore had in it two jewels so dazzling that around his face shone a light like that of the sun.

Breas saw him coming in the distance and said,

"This is strange. It seems that the sun is rising in the west."

"Better for you were it so," answered the Druids, who could always account for everything. "That is not the sun, but the helmet of Luga of the Long Arms."

By this time, Luga had approached within speaking distance, and Breas said to him,

"Why do you come alone when you know that we are your foes?"

"We are kin," Luga answered, "so I come thus to give you a chance to depart in safety. Give back to the men of Connaught the cattle you took from them on your march through the country and you and your army may return without further disturbance."

Breas was not in the mood for submission and he laughed scornfully.

"We came for war. Do you think to terrify us by mere words! Not one cow do we give back, nor do we go one step in return until we have conquered you and your people."

"We shall see — what we shall see," said Luga departing. For three days he tarried among the green

hills getting together his horsemen. At last with a host of followers he rode against Breas. As soon as the two armies came in sight of each other, arrows went whizzing through the air, and the men shouted in triumph as they saw their enemies fall. As they came closer together they fought with their spears, and the air was filled with the sound of shattering, splintering weapons. Closer still they came until man after man jumped from his horse and, with gleaming sword, hacked and slashed at his enemy. The air resounded with the clanging of metal. For three days the battle raged. At last Nuadat, victim of the Evil Eye, lay dead, but Luga still wearing the magical armor of his foster father was unhurt, and continued to slay right and left with his invincible sword.

Fearful indeed was this tumult which raged over the battlefield, — the shouting of warriors, the clashing of shields, the flashing of swords, the hissing of darts, the ringing of lances and spears.

At length Balor grew weary. His great eyelid drooped. Seizing the opportunity, Luga drew near. As Balor's men strained on the pulleys that should raise his eyelid once more and bare the Evil Eye before which all would fall, Luga hurled a huge stone straight into the eye. Balor fell dead upon the field, killed by his grandson as the prophecy had foretold.

After that the Fomorians lost heart and it was not long before they were completely put to rout.

THE STORY OF THE HARP

The DeDanaans had a religious chief called the Dagda.[1] He had a magic harp upon which he could play three wonderful melodies, the music of tears, the music of mirth, and, sweetest of all, the music of dreams.

During the battle of Mag Tured, the Fomorians had captured and taken with them, in their retreat, the harp of the Dagda. When they realized that they had the magic harp they rejoiced.

"For," said the leader, "though Balor is dead, we may still conquer our enemies by means of the harp. We can play them to sleep with the music of dreams, and then the warriors can rush upon them and slay them. Take courage. We shall yet be conquerors of all."

The Fomorians hung the harp in triumph upon the wall of the castle, and sat down to a great feast.

Meanwhile the Dagda had discovered his loss. When the news of it was made known to the DeDanaan warriors who had started home, they armed themselves and made their way back toward the castle of the Fomorians.

At length they came in sight of their goal. The light of torches blazed through the windows, and sounds of revelry came to their ears. The Fomorians were celebrating their triumph.

"Wait here," exclaimed the Dagda, "while I go on. If I can get back my harp, all will be well. If I need help I will call."

So saying he stole quietly to the door of the castle.

[1] Dagda, däch' da.

It was wide open, and he could see through the hall into the banqueting room beyond. The noisy laughter of the men and women who were making merry there quite covered the sound of his footsteps as he crept toward them. Even when he stood in the doorway, they did not see him, for they were too busy with their feasting and fun.

For a moment he remained quiet, looking at his harp which hung on the opposite wall.

Then loudly he called: — "Come, apple-sweet murmurer; come, four-angled frame of harmony; come, my harp, come!" His eyes flashed, and his voice rose above all the others.

Thereupon occurred a feat of magic so astonishing and so sudden that the Fomorians did not even have time to jump to their feet.

The harp recognized the voice and with a mighty effort, leaped from its place on the wall, and flew into the hands of its master, killing nine Fomorians on the way.

No sooner was the harp in his hands, than the Dagda struck the strings. Through the hall rang the first sad strains of the music of tears. The laughter of the banqueters died away. Tears came to their eyes. As the Dagda played on, the air was rent with the sobs of men and of women. At last they were so exhausted by grief that they could no longer sit straight in their seats, but were bowed on the table with shaking bodies and heaving shoulders. Then the Dagda changed his tune to the song of laughter.

Gradually they raised their heads from their arms. Now, whether they would or no, they must laugh. The magical music was merciless. The men threw back their heads as roars of merriment came from their hoarse

THE MAGIC HARP

throats; the women shrieked with mirth. Weakened by the emotion that had gone before, they sank back in their chairs. But the Dagda played faster and louder and they doubled up as if in pain. Their heads fell forward on their knees. Still they laughed and laughed and laughed.

At length the Dagda took pity and played to them the music of dreams. Slowly they relaxed and the laughter died away. As the music became softer and sweeter, the heads of the Fomorians dropped upon their breasts — their eyelids drooped. Softer and softer the lovely music floated through the room. Soon their eyes closed — the Fomorians were asleep.

With a smile the Dagda turned and went back to the DeDanaans who had been waiting, alert and ready to answer his first call.

"'Twas easily done," he said. "My beautiful harp," he fingered it gently, "is loyal only to me. From now on let it be dear to the hearts of the Irish — let it be the emblem of our country."

And so it was, for from that day to this the harp has been known the world over as the emblem of Ireland.

THE ISLE OF DESTINY

While the DeDanaans were becoming masters of Ireland, a race of people, with whom they were destined to come in contact, had settled in Spain under a leader named Milid [1] or Milesius. After him they were called Milesians.

This race had been told by a Druid to seek Inisfail,[2] "The Isle of Destiny," a beautiful green country where they should live and be happy.

On a clear cold night in winter, one of their chiefs, wistfully gazing out over the ocean from the top of a high tower on the coast of Spain, beheld in the distance an island lying like a still white cloud on the sea. When the Milesians heard this they believed that he had seen their destined isle, and so, under the leadership of the eight sons of Milid, they went down to the shore and embarked in their ships.

Before long they came in sight of the green hills of Ireland. Sure that they had discovered their long sought Isle of Destiny, they hastened to land.

The DeDanaans did not welcome the newcomers. They feared that they would be attacked, and so, realizing that they were unprepared for battle, they sought to outwit these strangers. Let the Milesians return to their ships, they said, and sail out beyond the ninth wave. If they then should succeed in making a landing, the DeDanaans would give them half their land and cattle.

[1] Milid, mĭ′ lid. [2] Inisfail, in′ ish faw il.

The question was left to a Druid of the Milesians who decided, much to the dissatisfaction of his own people, that the trial was just. Accordingly all the Milesians re-embarked. When they had sailed out beyond the ninth wave, and turned to come back, the DeDanaans by means of their magic spells, so roughened the waters that five of the sons of Milid with all their men were wrecked and drowned. The other three, with much difficulty reached the shore, and were not long in avenging their brothers' death by defeating the DeDanaans.

The Milesians then divided the country among themselves, and after they had cleared the land to make room for their round timber houses and for their gardens, it seemed to them as if they never lived anywhere else.

They gathered together in big families called clans. Each clan chose one man to be its chief. They called him the Ri or Ard-Ri, which means king, and his wife they called the Ard-Ri. To him, the members of the clan were wholly devoted and loyal. They gave him land and cattle, they gave him all power to rule them, and they were always ready to follow him in battle.

Their life was a simple one. The men tilled the soil and sowed their seeds, tended their flocks on the hillside, and, in the fall, reaped the crops that were to provide them with the winter's food. The women stayed at home, baking, weaving, and bringing up their children to be strong, brave men and women.

The Gaels, as they came to be called, were pagans. They worshipped gods and goddesses, somewhat as the Greeks and Romans did, but with the difference that to them no one god was greater than the others.

In some parts of Ireland the people worshipped the sun, the moon, the thunder and the lightning, but more

than anything else, perhaps, they worshipped the wells from which they drew their clear, cold water.

The Irish believed in fairies, too, and it was thought quite certain that, after their defeat, the DeDanaans had turned into shee — or fairies — and fled to the little green hills and mounds called fairy hills. Here, underground and in caves, the fairies built themselves beautiful palaces, ablaze with light and glittering with jewels and precious stones, where they feasted and made merry all the year round. In fact, there were those who had seen these good people, and there were some who had been carried away by them and were never seen again.

"If you're bad they will catch you while you're little," whispered mothers to their children. "But if you're good, then it's a long, long time before they carry you off, and when finally they do it's to the fragrant meadows of Moy Mell. Moy Mell? Oh nobody knows just where it is; out in the blue, blue ocean perhaps, or down at the bottom of a crystal clear lake. 'Tis a fairyland where good children will be young and happy forever."

So for a long time — hundreds of years — the Milesians prospered in Ireland. But as each clan, or tribe, grew larger and more powerful, jealousies arose among them. Each wanted to own more cattle or land than the others; each wanted to rule the others. So they built fortresses from which they might make raids, or in which they might defend themselves from the attacks of their neighbors. One of the most famous of these was the fortress of Emain,[1] built in Ulster by Queen Maca,[2] and called Emain Maca.

[1] Emain, au′ win. [2] Maca, mä′ hä.

THE SONG OF INISFAIL

They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main,
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams.
Our destined home or grave?" —
Thus sung they, as by the morning's beams
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay em'rald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
"'Tis Inisfail — 'tis Inisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea,
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors' hail
That name of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear or leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

— Thomas Moore.

THE STORY OF DEIRDRE[1]

When Concobar[2] was King of Emain Maca, there was born to Felim,[3] his chief harper, a little girl. Cathbad, the soothsayer, was asked to predict her future. After gazing a long time at the stars, Cathbad uttered his prophecy. And it was an evil sounding one.

"Woe unto the men of Ireland!" he said. "Though the maid shall be good and virtuous, and as fair and beautiful as the dawn, yet shall evil come because of her. She shall wed a king, and on her account there will be bloodshed and slaughter, murder and treachery; on her account men will go into exile, and friend will fight friend. Let her be called Deirdre, for she will bring great sorrow to Ireland and the men of Ireland."

When the King heard this, he said, "I will avert the doom, for I will see that she weds no foreign king. I will keep her for my own mate." And so he built for Deirdre a little house away from all people in the midst of a desert plain at the foot of a green mountain. There was an apple orchard at the back of the house and, all around it, a fence so high that no man could climb over it. The roof was covered with sod so that, from a distance there was no sign of a house. There he put Deirdre with her nurse Levarcham,[4] believing that thus there would be no chance for the prophecy of Cathbad to come true.

Deirdre grew up to be as beautiful as the day. She was as slim and straight as a rush from the field, and

[1] Deirdre, deer′ dree.
[2] Concobar, con′ cō ver.
[3] Felim, fā′ lim.
[4] Levarcham, lĕ var′ cam.

graceful as a deer of the forest. Her deep-fringed eyes were clear as the lake and blue as the sky, her skin was white as milk, and as soft and sweet as the petals of a flower at sunrise. Levarcham taught her all there was to know about the birds of the air, the flowers of the field, the stars of the night. And when she was fourteen years old she told her that she was to be the wife of King Concobar. This did not please Deirdre for the King was old and she did not love him.

One morning Deirdre was looking out of her window over the rampart that had been built about their tiny cottage. It was winter, and snow had fallen during the night. In the still frosty air the trees stood up as though wrought of silver, and beyond the rampart lay a wide smooth field of unbroken snow. In one place it was stained with the blood of a calf that had been killed for dinner. As Deirdre gazed, a raven flew down and lit upon the snow near by.

Suddenly calling to Levarcham, Deirdre cried, "O Nurse, my desire is to wed not with Concobar, the aged, but with a young man whose hair is black like the raven's wing; in whose cheek is the hue of blood, and whose skin is as white as snow."

Levarcham started, "Thou hast described Naisi,[1] the son of Usnach,[2] at the Court of the King."

"Then I would that I might meet this man," cried Deirdre, "for him will I love, and none other."

"Nay, my child," urged Levarcham, "Thy hand has been given to the King. Thou shouldst give him thy heart also."

One night, not long after, a cry came ringing through the silence. Levarcham heard it and was alarmed, for it was the cry of a human being. Deirdre heard it too.

[1] Naisi, na' shee. [2] Usnach, oos' ná.

"What was that?" asked the girl.

"'Twas naught but the cry of a night-bird as it passed in its flight," answered Levarcham.

The cry came again, and yet a third time. Deirdre listened breathlessly.

"'Tis the cry of neither bird nor beast," she exclaimed, and she went to the gate, opened it, and called. Out of the darkness came a hunter. He had wandered far and when night fell, had lost his way in his search for shelter. Lying down he had fallen asleep and in his dreams had cried aloud for help.

Deirdre took him in and when she looked upon him in the light of the little room she was filled with wonder. For he had hair like the raven's wing. In his cheek was the hue of blood, and his skin was white as snow.

"Naisi," she cried. "'Tis Naisi, the son of Usnach."

It was indeed he, and as he gazed upon Deirdre he too was filled with wonder, for she was the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen, and he loved her. He told her so.

"Then take me with thee," begged Deirdre, "else I must wed Concobar. The time set for our marriage is near at hand. O Naisi, my beloved, if thou lovest me, take me with thee."

"It shall be so," said Naisi, "for to thee have I given the love that I never bestowed upon woman before. Tonight I must depart. But tomorrow night I will return, and with my two brothers, we will flee from the King's wrath. In the remotest parts of Ireland we will find a place of safety and refuge."

With these words he left Deirdre.

On the next night, as he had promised, he returned with his two brothers, and with Deirdre the three fled from Ulster to the farthest parts of Ireland.

When Concobar heard of their escape he was filled with anger, and for months he sent men to pursue them. Finally, weary of hiding and traveling from one place to another, the three sons of Usnach with Deirdre set out in a boat for Scotland where they would be far enough from Ireland to dwell in peace.

There near the shore they built themselves a home. And never did maiden have greater loyalty and devotion than Deirdre received from her husband and his two brothers.

She kept the house sweet and clean, and baked and spun and wove, while the men hunted and fished that there might be food for all. And thus for a long time they lived in perfect happiness.

THE RETURN OF THE SONS OF USNACH

Concobar's wrath at the flight of the Sons of Usnach with Deirdre was never appeased. He sought them far and wide. When he heard that they were living in Scotland, he bethought himself of a plan. He called the men of Ireland together, and asked,

"Is there anything that is wanting in the kingdom of Ulster?"

They all shouted, "No," for they could think of nothing just then.

When it was quiet again, Concobar said, "If nothing is wanting to you, there is to me. My heart is heavy with the thought that Emain is deprived of three of her most valiant heroes. The Sons of Usnach are in exile, and it is shame to Ulster that this should be so. I do not wish to bear a grudge against such noble men. Let us send a messenger and ask them to return."

At that there was great applause, for the Sons of Usnach were loved by all the men of Ulster.

Concobar called to him Fergus, the man above all others whom the Sons of Usnach trusted. He bade Fergus hasten to them with messages of love and friendship, and promise them complete forgiveness if they would return. He also told Fergus to go to the Fort of Borac [1] on his way home, but, with a treacherous plan in his mind, he ordered that Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach should be sent on their way without one night's delay no matter what might happen. Fergus, unaware

[1] Borac, bō′ răc.

of any treachery, agreed to take the message and, after exacting a promise from Concobar that all would be well with the Sons of Usnach, departed with a joyous heart. He took with him his two sons, fair-haired Iollan [1] and Rough Red Buinne.[2]

Now it happened that Fergus had taken an oath that bound him never to refuse a feast prepared for him by a friend. Concobar, aware of this, sent word to Borac to get ready a feast and ask Fergus to join him. This invitation Fergus would be obliged to accept, while Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach, sent forward as Concobar had commanded, would enter Ulster unattended by their most powerful friend. At the same time Concobar sent messengers to the furthermost parts of Ireland to enlist troops in his service, promising to pay them well.

One night Deirdre and Naisi were playing chess in their home in far off Scotland, when they heard a call from the shore.

"'Tis a son of Ireland calling," said Naisi, starting up.

"Nay, 'tis a man of Scotland," said Deirdre.

Again the call came.

"Surely it is the voice of a man of Ireland," said Naisi, and he started to leave the house.

But Deirdre insisted that he was wrong.

A third time the call came, and this time Naisi said to his brothers, "Go ye down to the shore and meet him who calls, for it is a man of Ireland and he has already been waiting too long." They went and when they saw it was Fergus they welcomed him joyfully — but Deirdre was filled with sorrow and said,

"I knew it was Fergus when first he called."

"Then why did you not say so?" demanded Naisi.

[1] Iollan, ill awn'. [2] Buinne, boo in'.

"Because I have had bad omens," she answered. "Last night I dreamed of honey and of bloodshed. Honey is not sweeter than the offer of peace which Fergus brings with him, but 'twill be followed by death."

Fergus laughed at her fears. He gave them the pledges and messages that Concobar had sent, saying, "Surely you know that when I am with you, were all the men of Ireland to rise up against you, they could avail nothing."

"What you say is true," said Naisi, "moreover I am tired of this exile. Home is sweet to think of. We will go."

But Deirdre could not be comforted, and she left the fair white shores of Scotland with tears and lamentations. Not even when they came in sight of the homeland was her grief lessened.

When they landed in Ireland, they went to the Fort of Borac as Concobar had commanded. And Borac's first words to Fergus were, "A feast have I prepared for you, and you must stay and partake of it with me, for I know that an oath has been taken by you never to refuse a feast."

At that Fergus turned red with anger, for he remembered his promise to Concobar to let no night intervene in the return of the Sons of Usnach.

"Wrong have you done, O Borac," he cried, "great wrong, for now I must forsake the children of Usnach."

Deirdre pleaded with him not to remain. "'Twere better to refuse the feast than to leave us," she said.

"I cannot break my vow, but I will not forsake you," said Fergus, "for I will send with you my two sons, Iollan and Buinne. You will be as safe under their protection as under mine."

So leaving Fergus they set out for Emain Maca. After they had travelled a little way, Deirdre begged them to turn aside and wait for Fergus.

But Naisi said, "Would Fergus have come so far to bring us eastward if there were any danger?" and they all laughed at her fears, and proceeded on their journey.

But every night that Deirdre slept, her dreams were filled with evil omens, and every morning she said, "O my husband and my brothers, I beg you give heed to my warnings. There is evil and disaster and warfare brewing." One day she said, "I have seen you all in a vision, and each had his head taken from him, save only Buinne. O my loved ones, turn back from the evil that is to befall you. Let us visit Cuchulain [1] till Fergus returns, for there is surely treachery before us."

But Naisi replied, "Since we do not fear, why should we turn aside? Thou art foolish with thy dreaming and thy visions."

Thus it was with everything that Deirdre could say. Tears availed no more than words, and they came at last to the gates of Emain Maca.

"Once more I beg you to turn back before it is too late," implored Deirdre, but they would not. "Then will I give you a sign by which you may know whether or not Concobar intends treachery. If he invites us into his palace, all will be well — but if he sends us to the House of the Red Branch then you may know he is plotting against us."

Concobar was feasting and making merry when he heard that the Sons of Usnach were at the gate. He sent to the House of the Red Branch to see if there were food and drink there, and the answer came that there was enough for all the armies of Ireland. So Concobar ordered that Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach and of Fergus be taken there. He continued feasting in his own palace; but his thoughts were upon Deirdre, and

[1] Cuchulain, coo hoo' lin.

he wished news of her. He sent Levarcham to the House of the Red Branch to bring him word whether she was as beautiful as ever.

Now Levarcham loved Deirdre more dearly than aught else in the world and she hurried to her as fast as she could. In the courtyard of the Red Branch was a company of armed men. She spoke to them, but they did not answer, so she knew that they were not men of Ulster, but foreigners whom the messengers of Concobar had brought.

When she entered the room where Naisi and his brothers and Deirdre were sitting, she found them all playing chess. After greeting them fondly, she said,

"This is no time for playing. I fear that cruel treachery is planned for tonight. Children of Fergus, do bravely for those who are under your protection. Keep off the enemy until Fergus arrives, and may your blessing be great. And now, close all the shutters, and see that every door in the house is well barred."

Returning to Concobar, she told him that Deirdre was no longer beautiful. At that his desire to see the maiden was abated for a while. Later, his thoughts went back to her, and when he remembered how beautiful she had been, he sent another messenger, Gelban, to see if what Levarcham had said was really true.

Now there was one window in the House of the Red Branch which had been neglected. Gelban found it, and when he looked into the room he saw Deirdre, and he could hardly take his eyes from her she was so beautiful. Naisi saw him looking, and threw at him a chessman which he held in his hand. He aimed so well that he put out Gelban's eye.

Furious, Gelban returned to Concobar and told him how lovely Deirdre was. This so aroused the jealousy of

Concobar that he gave orders for the army to attack the children of Usnach at once.

As the army advanced, Rough Red Buinne, hearing the cries and the rushing of feet, went out to meet them. Fiercely he laid about him with his sword and he slew nearly three-fifths of the men. When Concobar saw his mighty power, he withdrew his men. Then he sought out Buinne and offered him the promise of friendship if he would come over to his side. Buinne, forgetful of his honor, accepted the bribe. Deirdre had overheard the conversation and she called to the fair-haired Iollan.

Iollan took up his sword and went out. Long and fiercely he fought until the enemy fell back before him and he was left alone with Fiacra, the mighty son of Concobar. The fight was terrible, nor would Iollan have been overcome had not a warrior rushed behind and given him a death wound in the back.

When Deirdre saw this, she cried out in despair. "We are lost, we are lost! O my loved ones, my loved ones, had ye but heeded my warnings!"

All night long, Naisi and his brothers fought by turns. Toward morning they linked their shields together and, putting Deirdre in the middle, they made a rush for safety. Three hundred men they killed in this sally. When Concobar saw that, he called Cathbad, the Druid, and said,

"Go, Cathbad; throw an enchantment over the Sons of Usnach that they may be taken. I promise you that they shall not come to harm. I wish only to come to an agreement with them."

Cathbad, believing him, threw a charm over the Sons of Usnach so that they believed they were in a dark sea. Taking Deirdre on their shoulders that she might not be dashed by the waves, they plunged to the ground and

vainly tried to swim there. Struggling thus, they were easily taken. No sooner did Concobar have them in his power, than he had the three god-like Sons of Usnach put to death.

Deirdre's heart was broken and nothing could comfort her. She fled to the shore. There, letting down her beautiful tresses, she waded into the sea.

"Since my husband is dead, life is no longer sweet," she said, and sank down beneath the waves. On the shore they found her, and they buried her beautiful body in the same grave with her husband and his brothers. There was great mourning in the kingdom of Emain.

When Fergus came home and found that Concobar's pledge had been broken and that Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach were dead, he was enraged. Wrathful was his mien and fierce were his words as he denounced the King's perfidy.

"You have proven false to a friend; you have betrayed the Sons of Usnach, the pride of the Kingdom. For your treachery may you be accursed of man forever."

With other chiefs of Ulster, who had loved the Sons of Usnach, he gathered an army and made an attack upon Concobar. Many were killed, and Emain was burned and destroyed. After that, Fergus and his followers went into Connaught to the kingdom of Maev [1] and Aillel,[2] for they would no longer live in Ulster because of their hatred of Concobar.

[1] Maev, māv. [2] Aillel, all′ yill.

CUCHULAIN

The War of the Bull

Maev and Ailell, rulers of the province of Cruachan,[1] had a great dispute one day about the amount of their property. Maev claimed that she had exactly as much as Ailell. In order to settle the discussion, they decided to put their possessions side by side, and find out. One by one they were found to be exactly equal, as Maev had claimed. But when it came to the comparison of the cattle, it was found that in Ailell's herd there was a white bull, superior by far to any that Maev owned.

Then Maev called to her MacRoth, one of her chief advisers, and begged him to tell her if he knew of any bull in all the country as fine as Ailell's. MacRoth said there was one — just one — and that was the red bull of Daire[2] who lived in the district of Cuailgne.[3] Queen Maev bade him go and purchase the animal whatever the cost might be.

When MacRoth came to Daire and explained the matter to him, Daire was quite willing to sell the bull, and the price was agreed upon.

But during the night word came to Daire that the Irish were boasting, saying that he had sold the bull because he was afraid that otherwise it would be taken from him by force. At that Daire was extremely angry. Next morning when MacRoth came for the bull, he said,

[1] Cruachan, croo′ hän. [2] Daire, dä′ ĭ rĕ.

[3] Cuailgne, cool′ nee.

MAEV, AILELL, AND THE BULL

"I have changed my mind. I will not sell my Red Bull, after all."

MacRoth was surprised and asked him why.

"You ask me why," he said, "when you have been boasting and bragging and insulting me and my men?"

At that MacRoth was angry too, and denied the rumor. But Daire would hear nothing further, and obstinately refused to sell his wonderful red bull.

"Then we will take the bull by force," said MacRoth, "if we have to slay every man and woman in Ulster."

He returned to Maev with his report. She was determined to have the bull, so she called to her aid her allies from all over the southern part of Ireland. With these troops she set out for Ulster.

Now because Fergus had once lived in Ulster and knew the country well, the command of the army was given to him. But Fergus, although he had revolted and withdrawn from Ulster, still had both love and loyalty for the land of his birth and the people there. So he sent word ahead secretly, and, in order that the people of Ulster might have time to prepare for war, he delayed the army in every way that he could think of. Maev discovered that he did not always march in the right direction, and from that time on she watched him closely and gave him no chance for further deception.

When the people of Ulster heard that the people of all the rest of Ireland were marching against them there was great dismay, for they were not prepared for war. To hold the enemy back, Concobar the High King sent his nephew, Cuchulain, ahead with a handful of men.

Cuchulain, from his boyhood up, had excelled all the youths of the country in his feats of daring, in agility and skill, in courage, in beauty and in goodness. He was the hero of all Ireland, the idol of his friends, the

dread of his enemies. Setting out with his steed, the good Gray of Macha,[1] he pitched camp at a ford on the border of Ulster, and waited for the enemy.

In spite of their superior numbers, Maev's great army dreaded to meet with Cuchulain, and well they might too, for his strength was the equal of a hundred men, and he came in his scythed chariot. When he saw them anger came upon him, and the hero-light that shone about his head gave him the appearance of a god. He made the round of the army and mowed the men down like grass; and not a wound did he, or his horse, receive that day.

Day after day the struggle continued, and day after day men fell before the mighty strength of Cuchulain. At length, Maev sent forth a messenger to see if a treaty could not be arranged. Cuchulain replied that, according to the custom of the country, he would fight in single combat, one man each day, provided that the army of Maev would advance only as far as was possible in a single night.

After consultation, Maev decided to accept these terms, "For," she argued, "it is better to lose but one man a day than hundreds."

Each day the Irish sent forth a man to combat with Cuchulain, and each day in turn, Cuchulain was victorious and slew his victim. At length the men of Ireland decided that Fergus, the great, the daring, was the only man who could defeat Cuchulain. So Queen Maev called Fergus to her.

"Fergus," she said, "no one of our warriors has availed against Cuchulain. Many have tried — all have failed, for he is strong and mighty. Now we call upon you — our mightiest, our greatest. You are the only one who

[1] Macha, mä'hä.

has a chance of success. Will you do battle for our honor?"

Fergus had once been the friend and teacher of Cuchulain in his youth, and he loved him still, with sincere and lasting devotion. So he pleaded with Maev to send someone else. At that she taunted him with cowardice until he could bear it no longer, and flinging himself from her presence, prepared for the contest. When he came in sight of Cuchulain, he bemoaned the fate that forced him to fight against his friend. But Cuchulain did not believe his friendly sayings, and there were hot, angry words between them as they took up the battle.

All day long, from the twilight of morning to the fall of evening, they fought with darts — and though their defense was good, so much better was their throwing that by the end of the day each was sorely wounded. But when darkness came, and they could fight no longer, they forgot their quarrel and remembering only their friendship, they gave each other three kisses and pledged anew their devotion and their loyalty. That night each sent gifts from his camp to the other.

The next morning they took up the fight again, this day with spears, in the hopes that with thrusting they could bring the battle nearer to an end than they had the day before. And it is said that, did birds fly through the bodies of men, many could that day have flown through the body of either, so fiercely did they fight, and so sorely wounded were they. But when night came, neither was the victor — and again they embraced each other, and rested for the night.

The third day they fought with swords, hoping that with hewing, they might at length end the conflict. But though they struggled from dawn till evening, neither

was victor, and they parted from each other, downhearted and mournful.

On the fourth day it was Cuchulain's turn to choose the manner of fighting, so he said, "Let us try the feat of the ford."

"Let us, indeed," said Fergus, but his heart was heavy, for never had Cuchulain failed to overcome his opponent in this feat.

At first they were far apart, but the fighting became fiercer and fiercer, and closer and closer, till at length they came together in the middle of the ford. So close was the fight that they drove the river out of its course and out of its bed, till there was not a drop of water in it. So great was the fight that the horses of the men of Ireland broke away in fright and the women and the young lads and the children and the followers of the men of Ireland ran from the camp to the southwest. First one seemed to have the advantage, and then the other. But at length Cuchulain caught Fergus over the rim of his shield and thrust his spear through his heart. Fergus was dead. And Cuchulain flung himself on the ground and wept with grief until his mourning might be heard by all the armies.

Just at this time Concobar, who had learned that Cuchulain was nearly exhausted, arrived with an army of knights that drove Maev fleeing, before them. The army proceeded under the leadership of Cuchulain, who had recovered and was braver and bolder than ever.

The men of Ireland saw them coming afar off. No one could mistake Cuchulain. He carried his sword shining red in his hand, the light of his corselet streamed forth upon the plain before him, and his hair was spread out like threads of gold. The men of Ireland gathered close together, and made a barrier of their shields. But

Cuchulain came on with a rush, and crashed through their lines, using his spear and his sword until he had scattered the enemy like the stars in the sky, or the leaves in autumn. The plain was red with the blood of the slaughter. Blood was streaming down Cuchulain's face from wounds that he had received. Again and again he nearly fell from his good gray steed, overthrown by the blows of his enemies. Hard pressed he was, but he swerved neither to the left nor the right; and the hero-light shone round his head. He had the appearance of a god, but he was mortal. A spear pierced his body and he fell from his staggering steed, fatally wounded. He dragged himself to the lake to drink and to bathe. There, beside the lake stood a pillar-stone. Cuchulain braced himself against it, and, facing the enemy, tied himself to it by his belt, so that when death came he might be found not lying down, but standing.

THE BORUMA TRIBUTE

About 106 A.D. when the Irish had been having so many wars and tribal struggles that they were tired of fighting, Tuatal,[1] the son of a former monarch, supported by a powerful party, came to Tara to establish himself upon the throne of Erin.

Tara, the stronghold and dwelling place of the king, was situated upon a hill and was surrounded by a deep, wide moat. Within the bounds of the moat was the Forradh,[2] the place of meeting. Here also stood the Stone of Destiny on which the kings of Ireland were always crowned, and the Teach-Cormaic,[3] the palace where the king dwelt. To the north of these was the House of Mead, a large banquet hall where the nobles gathered at the time of festivals, to make merry with feasting and drinking.

It was a sunny day in spring when, at the head of his party, Tuatal entered Tara, mounted on the finest gray steed to be found in the kingdom, with bridle of gold, and saddle and trappings of gold and silver and precious stones. The sun gleamed bright on his armor and flashing sword, and he held his head high, viewing with pride the noble knights who surrounded him. Stern though he was, he smiled benignly on the men and women and little children who came out to welcome him and strew flowers in his royal path.

[1] Tuatal, too′ häl. [2] Forradh, for′ ra.
[3] Teach-Cormaic, tŏ cor′ mac.

Tuatal had ordered a gathering of knights and nobles from all of Ireland, and as they fell back to form an aisle for him, he dismounted from his steed and, clad in his garments of royal purple, made his way to the Stone of Destiny.

Before the golden crown was set upon his brow, he commanded silence, and as quiet fell upon the crowd, he spoke.

"Friends and kinsmen, ye have bestowed great honor upon me. To be your king implies your faith and trust. It is a privilege, but it is, besides, a duty and one that is not wholly made up of pleasures. Since ye have deemed it wise that I should be your ruler, here I stand prepared to cast my lot with yours, to share your dangers, and to fight your battles. Yet one thing I demand before the crown is set upon my head: that all shall swear by sun and moon, by wind and stars, that neither I nor my descendants shall ever cease to be monarchs of this land, except at our own wish and will. On this condition only will I be your king."

At that, there was a long, loud, ringing shout throughout the multitude. With one accord they yielded to his demand, and kneeling, swore eternal loyalty to him and his descendants. Then with pomp and ceremony, Tuatal was crowned King of all Ireland.

Now at this time Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught met at a point called the Stone of Division. Tuatal's first act was to take from each of these four provinces a piece of land from which he formed the County of Meath. On each of these four portions he built a palace for the king of the province from which it had been taken. For Eocaid, King of Leinster, Tuatal built a palace more magnificent than all the others combined, because Eocaid was his favorite and at the

same time was suitor for the hand of his elder daughter, Dairine. [1]

Dairine had black hair and flashing eyes, and her skin was smooth and white. But lovely as she was, her sister Fithir [2] was more beautiful still. Eocaid loved Dairine well until he saw her sister. Then his heart leaped, the blood throbbed in his temples, and he felt that he would never know true happiness unless he might have her for his wife. Still, he was betrothed to Dairine; and, forsooth, not even kings could marry a younger daughter until her elder sister was wed. Thus ran the laws of Ireland.

Believing that in time he would forget the lovely Fithir, Eocaid married Dairine and departed homeward with her. But after all, the vision of Fithir would not leave him. Others, too, brought news of her increasing beauty and told him that he would have done better had he married her.

At last his love for Fithir overcame his sense of honor. He shut the young Queen Dairine up in a secret apartment of his palace, and gave out a report that she was dead.

With assumed grief he then went back to Tuatal, and appeared in his presence with sorrowful and downcast mien.

"Sad news I bring thee, King Most High," he said, as he knelt before Tuatal and hid his face in his hands, "but none can suffer as I; none knew her worthiness, her gentleness better. Sire, thy elder daughter, my dear Queen, is dead."

Tuatal bowed his head; then seeing how grief-stricken appeared Eocaid, prostrate at his feet, he stretched forth his hand and in tones of gentle comfort, bade him arise.

[1] Dairine, dŏ reen'.

[2] Fithir, fee' heer.

"Thy life shall not be lonely," he said, "for I have another daughter." The King's voice was tender as he spoke of her. "Her name is Fithir, and she shall console thee in thy grief. Take her for thy wife, and may she comfort thee and love thee as thou dost deserve."

Eocaid's heart rejoiced. The matter was accomplished more easily than he had dared to hope.

Tuatal called his younger daughter to him, and she came, her sweet lips tender and her eyes shyly questioning. When Tuatal related the sad news Eocaid had brought, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and for a moment she could not speak. But her heart went out to the two men, and when she learned that the handsome Eocaid wished her for his wife, she went to him and consoled him with soft words.

So the false Eocaid won his lovely bride, and took her to his palace. For some time they were happy. But one day, as they were walking in the garden together, they came of a sudden upon Dairine, who had wandered from her room into the garden.

A moment Fithir stood silent. The blood rushed to her face, and, as she turned to ask the prince what this could mean, she suddenly divined all. With a stifled sob, she stretched her hands toward Dairine; her heart stopped beating, and she fell, dead, at their feet.

There was no need of words. Poor Dairine, grief-stricken at her sister's death, heart-broken by her husband's awful deed, ran to her room, and there, before the night had fallen, she died too.

The story was not long in reaching Tara, and Tuatal's affection for Eocaid turned to wrath so fierce and bitter that he would not be appeased by aught except the death of the King of Leinster. Two terrible battles were fought, and Eocaid was slain. Even then Tuatal's

anger was not abated. As winter was coming on, warfare had to cease; but for Leinster, the price of peace for hundreds of years thereafter was a yearly tribute, so great that it was almost impossible of payment.

" The men of Leinster were obliged to pay
To Tuatal, and all the monarchs after him,
Three score hundred of the fairest cows,
And three score hundred ounces of pure silver,
And three score hundred mantles richly woven
And three score hundred of the fattest hogs,
And three score hundred of the largest sheep,
And three score hundred cauldrons strong and polished."

And this was the Boruma tribute.

CORMAC MACAIRT

After the reign of Tuatal, his son, Conn of the Hundred Battles, became ruler of Ireland. It was in his reign that that part of Ireland lying south of a line of sand hills stretching from Dublin Bay to Galway was given over to Eoghan[1] to rule.

When Conn died his son Airt[2] took his place.

Airt married a very beautiful girl named Eatach.[3]

But not long were they permitted to live happily together. The news of an invasion by Maccon[4] came to Airt, and he was forced to gather troops and march against his enemy. Before he left he sent his wife into Connaught to Luna, a friend of his with whom he knew she would be safe. It was well he did this, for he was killed, and Eatach and her little son Cormac MacAirt, who was born just afterwards, would otherwise have had no one to protect them.

Luna took them in and cared tenderly for them, for he knew, as no one else did, that Eatach was a queen and her little boy the son of a king. Day by day Cormac grew comelier in form and feature. He had the beauty of his mother and the strength of his father. He surpassed all the other boys in ready speech, and fire, and courage. They, perhaps, were somewhat envious of him, for one day when he had outrun, out-jumped, out-

[1] Eoghan, ō′ en.
[2] Airt, art.
[3] Eatach, ä′ äch.
[4] Maccon, măc cŏn′.

played them all, one of the boys burst forth, "And what of all his skill! He has no father, no one knows who he may be; perchance he is not even of noble birth."

At that Cormac was saddened, and running to his mother he demanded to be told his father's name. At last the time had come to make known to him that he was the son of a King, grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and that it was his duty to retake from Maccon the kingdom that had been wrested from Airt. It was a time that his mother had dreaded, for she knew the spirit of the boy, and she knew that the adventure might mean death to him.

No sooner was his lineage made known to him, than Cormac said,

"Then let us go to Tara, there to bide our time till I have opportunity to regain my father's kingdom."

"We will go at once," said Luna, and forthwith they set out.

Cormac deemed it wiser to remain unknown, and so he was received at Tara as a student. Maccon still sat upon the throne, but he was cruel and was hated by the people whom he oppressed with severe and unjust laws.

One day there came before the king complaint that the sheep of a poor old woman had wandered into the queen's garden and eaten up all the green plants. At that the king said angrily, "Then I give the sheep to the queen to make up for her loss."

But Cormac who was sitting on the couch near by spoke up and said, "Nay, be more just. 'Twere fairer that the shearing of the sheep be given in payment, for as the sheep have eaten the fleece of the land, so shall your queen take the fleece of the sheep."

Then all the nobles and courtiers exclaimed, "A fair decision. Surely a prince must have pronounced it!"

From that time on the people watched Cormac closely, wondering who he might be.

As the days went by Maccon's subjects began to complain bitterly that they could endure his tyranny no longer. Then it was that Cormac, seeing how matters stood, proclaimed his birth. He united the rebellious people, drove Maccon from the kingdom, and was crowned king in his stead.

At first Cormac ruled the people sternly and severely, but he was always just and they soon came to realize that Ireland was growing fairer and richer each year of his reign. There was no theft or violence throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom. No one had need to guard his flocks, nor was anyone so poor that he needed food or clothing.

Cormac rebuilt the palace of Tara, and when it was finished, it was more magnificent than it had ever been before. Here he celebrated the great Feis,[1] or Festival, of Tara; and never had there been a nobler or more gorgeous assembly.

His princely retinue, clad in golden helmets and in royal robes, followed him as he entered the hall. Cormac himself far outshone them all. His yellow hair was long and slightly curled, and his blue eyes, that could be stern or merry as he wished, looked joyfully upon the splendor of his people. His kingly purple robe, trailing far out behind him as he walked, was fastened at his breast by a golden jeweled brooch. A necklace of gold was round his throat, and about his waist a girdle set with precious gems. His shoes were a network of gold with golden buckles. In his right hand he carried two ringed spears with clasps of bronze, and on his left arm a crimson shield with raised figures, and with hooks and

[1] Feis, fĕsh.

clasps of gold and silver. It was small wonder that his people worshipped him, for with all this display of glory he was not lacking in love and sympathy for them.

Nor was he a laggard in war. Battles were many and fierce in his reign, but never did his army go into battle without their king, whom every enemy feared.

But at the height of his power, when Ireland was prosperous, as she had not been for years, a great misfortune befell the king. By chance a spear, meant for another, pierced his eye, and because no man with any defect or blemish could sit upon the throne of Tara, Cormac had to resign his power. His son succeeded him, and Cormac, till he died, lived in a palace on the River Boyne.

OSSIAN,[1] THE LAST OF THE BARDS

In the days of Cormac MacAirt there lived in Connaught and Leinster, a band of warriors known as the Fenians.[2] They were brave and fearless; they honored and protected the women, relieved the poor, and kept the forests and highways free from robbers. The fame of their courage and valor spread far over Ireland and even into Europe, but the fame of their chief, Finn MacCumhall,[3] outshone all others. For Finn was a bard as well as a warrior, and in those days skill in the art of poetry was admired quite as much as skill in anything else, and there was no king who did not have at court his bard, as well as his Druids, physicians and warriors.

Greater still in the art of poetry was Ossian, son of Finn MacCumhall, a high spirited youth, beautiful in form and bright of countenance, dearer to the heart of his father than aught else in the world.

One morning in springtime when the trees were fragrant with the scent of blossoms, when the birds were carolling in the meadows, and the whole wide world was fresh and joyous, Ossian was hunting with his father and the Fenian warriors along the shore of Loch Lein.[4] They had just started a deer from the brake and were off with the hounds in full chase, when lo! whom should they behold coming toward them on a slender white steed, swift as the very wind itself, but a young maiden

[1] Ossian, ŭsh′ een.
[2] Fenians, fē′ ni ans.
[3] MacCumhal, măc coo′ all.
[4] Loch Lein, lŏch lān.

of surpassing beauty. A royal crown was on her head, and she wore a silken mantle spangled with golden stars. Her yellow, curling hair shone like gold, her eyes were clear and cloudless as a dewdrop on the top of the grass. Her cheeks were red as roses and her lips like wine. In her right hand she held a golden bitted bridle, and she sat upon her steed as gracefully as the swans on Loch Lein. It was Finn who first made bold to speak.

"Who art thou, O fair and lovely princess? Whence hast thou come and whither art thou going?"

"Niam [1] of the Golden Hair, is my name," replied the princess. "I am the daughter of the king of the Land of Youth. From afar I have heard of the goodness and beauty of thy son, of his prowess in battle, of his high spirits and renowned virtue. So, though many princes and high chiefs have sought me in marriage, to no man have I given my hand, for my love is only for the noble Ossian. 'Tis for him I have come so far."

With that Ossian came forward quickly; for he loved the princess the moment he saw her. He took her hand in his and spoke gently to her, saying that she was his choice beyond all the women in the world, and that he would accompany her to her home in the Land of Never-Ending Youth. When Finn and his followers heard this promise, they raised three shouts of grief and lamentation, for they feared that they would never see their beloved Ossian again. But Ossian promised faithfully that he would return after a little while. So, bidding adieu to the brave Fenians and kissing his father lovingly on the cheek, he mounted the steed with the beautiful Niam, and off they went swiftly over hill and dale, through forest and stream, till at length they came to a most delightful country. Directly before them rose a royal

[1] Niam, nee′ äm.

fortress dazzling in its splendor and in the richness of its colors — blue, green and white, purple, crimson and yellow. Grouped near this royal mansion were wonderful palaces all made of precious stones, designed by gifted artists and built with the utmost skill by master workmen.

From golden gates there came to meet them a host of people. A hundred and fifty heroes led the way. A hundred maids of exquisite beauty, clad in garments of gold and silk, followed. Behind them, surrounded by a glittering retinue came the great and noble king. On his head was a crown of gold that sparkled and shone with gleaming radiance. After him, accompanied by fifty virgins sweet and mild, came the young queen, lovelier in form and face and more richly attired than any of those who had preceded her.

For ten days and nights there was feasting and banqueting to celebrate the marriage of Ossian and Niam. Honey and wine flowed freely, and joy reigned everywhere. On Ossian were bestowed a hundred robes of satin and silk; a hundred swift steeds, a hundred slender, keen-scented hounds, the royal diadem which was protection by day and night from harm in battle or in conflict, a coat of mail that could not be pierced, a golden-headed sword that never missed a stroke.

Three happy years Ossian dwelt in this blissful Land of Youth. Still he could never cease thinking of his home in far off Erin. He longed to see his father again, and all his companions, the noble Fenians. The days began to seem long and sad, until at last, unable longer to resist, he asked leave to return to Erin that he might once more greet his friends.

Reluctant was Niam to grant the request. "Erin your country is not what it was," she told him. "It has been three centuries instead of the three years it

Ossian and Niam

seems since you left home. Your noble father and the Fenians have long been laid to rest, and you will find instead of them, a holy father, and hosts of priests and saints." Seeing that Ossian was incredulous of her words, she continued, "If you insist, however, remember this. Never alight from the white steed I give you, for if you place your feet upon the green sod of Erin you can never return to me."

Promising to keep the warning in mind, Ossian bade Niam an affectionate good-bye, leaped upon his white steed, and away he rode homeward.

But when he came into Erin, bitter was his disappointment. It was as Niam had predicted. Nowhere was there any trace of his companions, nor was there aught but the ruins of their palaces on the broad green plains of Leinster. To his amazement no one could tell him anything except that once there had been a race of Fenians, all of whom had perished. Still in weariness and sorrow he continued his search.

One day, in his quest, as he was passing through the Glen of the Thrushes, he saw a great assembly — three hundred men or more. They were trying to roll a huge boulder down the hill, but could not move it. Among all the three hundred there was not one, nor any number of them together, that could lift its weight.

As Ossian drew near, they saw how tall and mighty he was, and cried out to him for help. Ossian stopped to assist them. He lay forward on his steed, and with his right hand raised the boulder from the ground and sent it clattering down the hillside. The men raised a shout of wonder; but the next moment it was turned to cries of terror. For Ossian's golden saddle-girth had broken as he heaved the stone from its place, and Ossian fell headlong to the ground. In an instant the white

steed vanished from sight like a wreath of mist, and there, stretched out upon the plain, lay Ossian, no longer the beautiful, powerful youth, but a helpless old man, bent and blind and feeble and wrinkled and shrunken.

Not a vestige of his former self remained. Even his crimson cloak and yellow silken tunic were now but coarse homespun tied with a hempen girdle, and the gold-hilted sword was a rough oaken staff.

When the people recovered from their surprise and found that this misfortune had not been visited upon themselves likewise, they gathered about Ossian and tenderly lifted him up. He stood in the midst of the crowd of people, fearful, and scarcely understanding what they said. Then he seemed to hear one of them asking who he was, and he told them he was the son of Finn. They looked at each other queerly.

"What Finn do you mean?" asked the leader.

"Finn MacCumhall, chief of the Fenians of Erin," said Ossian.

"Finn and the Fenians!" continued their spokesman. "Why, they lived centuries ago! They are long since dead. Harpers now sing of their bravery and deeds at the feasts of the king. The old days and ways are done away with. Have you never heard of Patrick and the God he tells us of?"

Ossian shook his head, bewildered, and the leader of the assembly, seeing his perplexity said, "Let us take the old man before Patrick himself."

So Ossian was taken before Patrick, and the saint, seeing how old and worn he was, welcomed him into his house with gentle hospitality.

Then the bard began his story, and when Patrick found it was Ossian who stood before him, he called in all of his scribes that they might write down all that

Ossian told of the joyous life of the Fenians. Carefully they copied, nor did they omit anything. And to this day of all things that are told of the Fenians, the men of Erin are wont to say, "Thus sang the bard Ossian, son of Finn himself."

ST. PATRICK'S YOUTH

St. Patrick was born of Roman parents, not in Ireland at all, but in Bonnaventa, a village founded by the Romans on the western coast of Scotland.

When Patrick was about five years old, the Emperor of Rome was obliged to order his armies to come from all the colonies to protect Rome against the invasion of the Goths. It was a great hardship for the Britons to have the Roman soldiers taken away for it left them quite unprotected, and they had enemies on all sides — the Picts, on the north; the Saxons on the southeast; and Gaelic rovers, who often came over from Ireland and plundered the western coast of Scotland.

On the withdrawal of the Roman troops the enemy came in search of captives and treasure. One day, when Patrick was about sixteen years old, a band of these sea-robbers suddenly fell upon the household of his father. When they saw how young and strong and handsome Patrick was, they knew he was just the kind of boy they wanted. So they bound him, and carried him on board ship together with a number of the younger servants of his father.

Toward Ireland, whence they had come, the robbers steered their way. Upon landing, Patrick was sold to a man with piercing eyes and a not unkindly face who was attracted by the strength and the fearless manner of the youth. With his new master Patrick travelled over green hills and through deep forests for days and days. To Antrim in the northeastern corner of Ireland they went,

and lonely, tired, homesick Patrick felt as if he were being taken to the ends of the world.

When at length they reached their destination, Patrick found that his master dwelt in a beautiful, green, fertile spot near a dark forest. Here he lived for six long years, tending his master's sheep, and doing his bidding, and in that time he came to know the people of the region and to love them. He acquired a perfect knowledge of the Gaelic tongue, and since his master was a Druidical high priest, he became familiar with all the details of Druidism, the religion of the people of Ireland. It grieved Patrick to find that all these people were heathens, and he wished that he knew enough to explain to them his religion.

Meanwhile he longed for his own people. All the beauties of the country about him, and all the kindness of his master could not compensate Patrick for his loss. He was so homesick, in fact, that day after day, he planned how he might escape and return to Scotland. One night, after a day of fasting, there came to him in his sleep the vision of an angel who said,

"Thou dost well to fast. Thou shalt soon return to thy native land."

Then Patrick was happy. All his tasks seemed easier, and he went about them with a light heart.

A few nights later the same voice said to him in his dreams, "Behold, thy ship is ready." He believed it was a message from God himself, so he made ready and fled from his master.

Flight was a dangerous undertaking, for he had to travel scores of miles through unknown forests and wildernesses, with the chance of being overtaken by his master, or of falling into the hands of another. Strangely enough, he met with no mishaps, and when he reached

the little coast town whither he was bound, behold! the ship of his dreams was really there.

It was a trading ship, and Patrick went to the captain to offer himself for service. His offer seemed about to be accepted, when the ship-owner looked at him sharply and said,

"Nay, in no wise shalt thou go with us. We do not need thy services."

The disappointment, just when things seemed most favorable, was almost more than Patrick could bear. Could it be possible that this was not the ship of his dreams? He turned back sick at heart, and with tears in his eyes. But just as he turned away, he heard a voice shouting, "Come quickly, you are wanted."

He went back joyfully, and found that the captain had decided to take him after all. Patrick had no idea where the ship was going, but he did not care since he was escaping from captivity.

For three uneventful days they sailed, and at last reached their port on the southwestern coast of Gaul, now France. Here they disembarked, and continued their journey by land.

At the end of two months they had come into Italy, and Patrick ran away from the party. For a while he wandered by himself, with little idea of where he was, or whither he was going. In his journeying he heard of a monastery established by Honoratus on the island of Lerin just off Cape Cannes. To this place he went and for a few years dwelt there happily and peacefully. But he could not long be satisfied with this quiet existence, and finally he set out for Scotland and home.

ST. PATRICK'S MISSION

When Patrick, after an absence of nearly ten years, arrived in the village of his youth, he was greeted joyfully by his kinsfolk, who had given up all hope of ever seeing him again. He told his friends of his escape from bondage, of the perilous adventures that followed, and of his three years at the monastery. They begged him not to let anything again take him from them, and for some time Patrick was happy to believe that this might be possible.

But one night in his dreams there came to him the vision of Victorius, a man whom he had met in Europe, and the vision said to him,

"Patrick, why dost thou loiter here in peace and happiness when there are men waiting in darkness for a message from God — the message that thou shouldst carry to them? Arise and return to the land of thy captivity, for the people there need thee."

Again and again the vision returned to Patrick. So he steeled his heart to the entreaties of his friends, and renouncing his own hopes for a quiet life, set out for Europe. There he hoped to gain more knowledge and education and to secure the support and authority of the Church of Rome for his mission. It was fourteen long and weary years before Patrick accomplished all that was necessary; years full of anxiety and disappointment. But at last he won what he had sought, and with eight fellow workers he embarked in a ship for Ireland.

The hardest years of his life were now ahead of him. He had to face the enmity of the Druids, who knew that his coming would mean the end of their power. He had to preach a new faith to people who were scattered over all parts of the country. Failure and death might stand at the end of his journey. Heedless of these things, he thought only of the sublime task before him.

It was in this spirit that late one beautiful spring afternoon Patrick and his men rowed into the mouth of the Slane River. Here they landed and, hiding their boats in the deep, lush grass along the bank, wandered inland to find a place to rest.

Now, although they proceeded quietly, they were observed by a swineherd, who lived near the shore, and spied them from his hut. Hurrying out, he slipped away to his master, who lived in one of the higher of the little green hills that embraced the plain.

"Master, make ready," he cried. "Thieves and robbers have landed on the shore and are coming — a great number of them — in this direction."

Dichu,[1] for that was the master's name, got down his weapons, and prepared to go forth and slay the strangers. For in such a lonely region, along the shore, men scarcely ever came except for pillage and plunder.

As he was advancing, looking to the right and left for fear of ambush, he came to an open space. There he saw Patrick and his few followers.

"These do not look like plunderers," he said to his swineherd — "I will not kill any until I am sure of their intent. See how peacefully they come on. And their leader — he has not the face of murderer or thief. Nay, hold thy spear, herder. These are not ordinary men."

The two awaited quietly the coming of Patrick.

[1] Dichu, dee′ hoo′.

"God's greeting to you, friend," said Patrick, as he came near. "My friends and I are seeking rest for the night. Know you where we may find shelter?"

"Verily, I do," replied Dichu, struck with the dignity and nobility of Patrick's bearing and the gentle tones of his voice. "Come with me and stay as long as you will. I have food and shelter. Gladly will I share it with you."

Patrick looked upon his reception as a sign of success, and was so happy that he talked eagerly of his mission with Dichu. Dichu was greatly impressed by Patrick's earnestness, and by the sacrifices he had made. "Surely," he thought, "if a man will give up home, and the love of friends and all that seems to make life worth while, for the sake of strangers and those whom by nature he ought to hate, there must be sincerity in his belief, and truth in his God." And Dichu, who in his lonely life had no friends and had probably never thought much about God, responded to Patrick's eager love, and became converted to his faith.

For a time Patrick abode with the friend whom he had converted. Dichu gave him a site on a neighboring hill where a wooden barn had been built. This Patrick turned into a church, his first church in Erin.

Much as he would have liked to tarry in this place Patrick was constantly urged on by the voices of his dreams. Patrick's chief desire was to win over to his faith the kings and princes, for he knew that many of the people would follow their example. With this thought in mind he departed near Easter time, for Tara, where dwelt Logaire,[1] King of all Ireland.

On Easter Eve, Patrick and his companions ascended Mt. Slane, which rises high on the left bank of the Boyne

[1] Logaire, lā′ ry.

KING LOGAIRE SEES THE PASCHAL FIRE

and overlooks the plain of Breg [1] for miles around. There, shortly after nightfall, they lit the paschal fire, which burned like a beacon and could be seen even from Tara.

It so happened that on this very same night King Logaire was holding a festival at Tara. All the kings and nobles of the land were there. It was the custom that on that night no fire should be lighted until the beacon at the royal house had been kindled with solemn ritual. When Logaire saw the light shining across the plain of Breg, he was amazed and called to him his magicians.

"What does it mean?" he demanded. "Who would be bold enough to ignore our royal customs in this manner?"

"O King," they answered, "it must be that an olden prophecy is about to be realized. Unless that fire is quenched tonight, it can never be quenched, and he who has kindled it will seduce all the subjects in your realm. Set out at once, if you would retain the power of your High Kingship."

At these words Logaire arose.

"Bring forth the chariots and the horses," he cried.

Nine chariots were hurried out and yoked, and Logaire with the Queen and the two magicians, and as many others as could make ready in so short a time, drove out into the darkness. Over the plain of Breg they raced and in order that they might have magic power over the kindler of the fire, they wheeled lefthandwise, or contrariwise to the course of the sun.

"Go not up to the place where the fire is kindled," said the magicians to the King as they flew onward, "but summon him who kindled it to your presence at

[1] Breg, brĕg.

some distance from the fire, and then we will talk to him."

So at the foot of the hill the company dismounted, and Patrick was summoned into the presence of the King. As he looked about him and saw the royal retinue, the chariots and the horses, and all the splendors of wealth and power, he felt that it would indeed be a great victory if he could convert the people before him. So he began speaking to them in the name of the Lord.

At that the chief magician made fun of him and mocked him, hoping in this way to make his words seem foolish to the others.

But the magician was suddenly struck down by a bolt from Heaven. Darkness came over the earth, and the ground trembled as in an earthquake. All the company save the King and the Queen fled over the plain in fear of their lives. They, remaining behind, were so terror-stricken by what they believed was the power of Patrick's God that they were converted, and Logaire said to Patrick,

"Thy God is great and wonderful. He has worked miracles for thee. Thou mayest indeed carry thy message to the people of my kingdom, and I will help thee as I may."

THE FALL OF CROM CRUACH [1]

After Patrick's experience with King Logaire, the people in the country round about marveled at his power. Many were converted, and Patrick built churches where they might worship according to the Christian religion.

There was one place in Ireland where the pagan religion was stronger than any where else. This was in the plain of Mag Slecht,[2] in Ulster. There stood a famous idol of stone covered with gold and silver and surrounded by twelve pillar stones. The name of the idol was Crom Cruach.

Every year the people from the surrounding country brought offerings to Crom Cruach. The firstlings of the flock they killed and piled before the idol. Then they heaped upon these piles a part of all their crops, and, lighting a fire, they watched it burn. As the smoke rose toward the heavens, they fell on their knees and prayed to Crom Cruach to be pacified by their offerings and to make their crops successful and their yield of milk plentiful.

The sacrifice was always made at the beginning of the winter. Patrick decided upon a very bold plan. Just before the day of the sacrifice, he went to the plain of Mag Slecht and with his staff dealt the idol such a terrible blow that it fell to the ground.

The people came on the day appointed to perform their religious rites, and Patrick himself was there.

[1] Crom Cruach, crŏm croo′ äch. [2] Mag Stecht, mō slact′.

When he announced that it was by his own hand the idol had been destroyed, they were amazed at his daring. Many were awestruck. "For see!" they said, "Here our god is utterly destroyed, and yet this man still lives, unpunished. There must be some great power behind him." So they fell on their knees and believed at once.

THE DEATH OF ST. PATRICK

In the neighborhood of the ancient fortress of Emain lived Daire, King of Oriel. Eastward from his palace rose the heights of Macha.[1] On the summit of those heights Patrick desired to build a monastery. He made known his wish to Daire, who granted to Patrick the land that lay at the foot.

Grateful even for this, Patrick and his followers set to work to build a little city. A round space one hundred and forty feet in diameter was marked off and enclosed by earthen ramparts. Within were erected buildings of wood: first, the Great House which was to be the dwelling of the monks, then a kitchen, and a small, circular oratory.

One day when Patrick was walking in the field which belonged to the monastery, he came upon a horse feeding there.

"Whose horse is this?" he asked of the squire who was tending the horse.

"The king's," replied the fellow.

"Then how does he come to be feeding here when the king has pastures of his own?"

"Because I drove him in here," insolently said the squire.

"See that you drive him out before tomorrow," said Patrick quietly.

The squire said nothing more, but left the horse to

[1] Macha, mä'hä

graze in the field of the monastery. When he came back next day the horse was dead.

Thinking that Patrick was responsible for this, the squire ran to his master and told him that the Christian had killed his horse. Angry, the king replied shortly, "Go and kill the Christian then."

Scarcely was the man on his way to do his bidding, than Daire fell ill.

"It must be on account of the Christian," said his wife. "Let some one go quickly to stop the men who have been sent to slay him."

So two men went to Patrick and told him that Daire was ill. At that Patrick himself went to Daire. Seeing that his illness was but slight, he gave him a simple remedy, and in a short time Daire was quite restored to health.

Marvelling at Patrick's power, Daire went to the monastery himself to thank him, and to show his respect for one who seemed able to work miracles, Daire gave Patrick permission to move to the top of the hill.

So it came about that Patrick and his household went up from their house at the foot of the hill and built another house at the summit; and this new settlement came to be called Armagh.[1]

Still anxious to extend his power over other parts of Ireland, Patrick after dwelling at Armagh some little time, went south, where he baptized the king of Leinster, king of Munster, and many others.

At length Patrick became too old to do any more active work. Putting his disciple, Benignus, in charge of the church of Armagh, he retired to the Barn of Dichu in the island plain to spend the last few years of his life.

When the day of his death drew near, he was warned

[1] Armagh, arm′ ah

of its approach by an angel. Anxious to be buried at Armagh, which he loved more than any other place in Ireland, Patrick made preparations to go there.

Scarcely had he started on his way when a voice seemed to say,

"Go back to the place whence thou camest. For it is there and not in Armagh that God has granted that thou shalt die and arise."

To that Patrick answered sorrowfully:

"In slavery to the end am I, since I cannot be buried in the place that I desire."

"Let not sorrow be upon thee," said the voice gently, "for though thou art buried in the island plain, the primacy of the church shall always abide in Armagh."

Comforted, Patrick turned back to the place where he had dwelt for the last few years; and in the island plain he died and was buried, in the hundred and sixth year of his age.

SAINT BRIGID

When St. Brigid was a little girl, she lived with her father and mother in the village of Faughart,[1] in the County of Louth. She had Irish blue eyes fringed with curling lashes, and golden hair that gleamed in the sun like a halo. But best of all Brigid was as gentle and good as she was beautiful. Her heart was full of love for the unfortunate, and the sight of misery and poverty aroused such pity that she could withstand no appeals for charity. Often she went without her own meals that she might give food to the hungry.

Once, when Duvach,[2] her father, went to visit Dunlang,[3] the King of Leinster, he took his little daughter with him. Brigid was overjoyed, for the one thing she loved above all else was to ride through the green hills and dark cool woods in her father's chariot.

When they came to the palace of Dunlang, Duvach dismounted from the chariot.

"Canst thou take care of the horses and chariot, little daughter, while I hold converse with the king?" he asked.

Brigid's eyes sparkled with joy; then grew grave again that her father might be impressed with her sense of responsibility.

"Indeed I can, father, and 'twill be fun to watch the people passing by."

"I'll not be gone long, daughter dear," he said, "and

[1] Faughart, fō′ hart. [2] Duvach, doo′ väch.
[3] Dunlang, doon′ lang.

I'll leave this with thee too. 'Twere as well not to go into the presence of the king with weapons," and he unbuckled his sword, and laid it on the seat. What a precious sword it was! A treasure that Duvach prized above all other worldly things. The blade was as smooth and sharp as Damascus steel. The golden hilt was studded with jewels, that sparkled as they caught the rays of the noon-day sun.

After her father left her, Brigid sat quietly in the chariot, smiling at those who passed her, and sometimes chatting with those who, attracted by her beauty and her friendliness, stopped to speak to her. Then, as so often happened, a wretched-looking man, with misery written in the lines of his face, came up and begged her for help in his misfortune.

Her eyes filled with tears for she had nothing to give him. As she looked around hopelessly, wishing that there might be something, her eyes fell upon the sword. With a cry of joy she snatched it up, and placed it in the hands of the poor outcast beggar. Blessing her generous heart, he took the sword and hastily withdrew.

Shortly afterwards her father and the King came out from the palace, talking earnestly together over matters of state. The first thing Duvach did when he came to the chariot, was to reach for his sword. When he did not find it there, his heart leaped up in his throat, and he looked at his daughter with misgiving.

"What hast thou done with it?" he asked a little sternly.

Brigid was not the least bit afraid and answered quietly, "I gave it to a poor man, father, as thou wouldst have done hadst thou but seen how sick and needy he was."

Duvach could hardly believe his ears. His sword!

His beautiful, jeweled weapon that had passed from father to son for generations! His eyes flashed with anger, and hot words were upon his tongue as he turned toward his daughter, but the King put out his hand to stay the father's wrath and spoke to Brigid reproachfully.

"Maiden, thou hast done wrong. Thy father's sword was precious beyond words, and not thine to give away. Thou shouldst have guarded it carefully, instead of giving it to the first person who asked thee for alms."

"Oh, but thou shouldst have seen how very poor he was," cried Brigid pleadingly. "Indeed, if I had thy wealth I would bestow it all on the unfortunate poor."

Her lips trembled, and her eyes glistened with unshed tears, but she spoke so earnestly that Dunlang, turning to Duvach, said, "It is not meet that either you or I should chide this maiden, for her merit is greater before God than before men."

Then Duvach forgot his anger, and kissing his daughter, spoke tenderly to her:

"The King is right, sweetheart. Thy generous spirit is far more precious to God than my sword, and thou, my little one, art the only treasure of thy father's heart."

As Brigid grew older she became known for her goodness and mercy throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. Soon there were so many maidens who wished to follow her example that she founded the monastery of Kildare, where they all lived together.

Those who were in sorrow or distress made pilgrimages to Kildare, and so many went away blessing the name of St. Brigid that even to this day she is known as the Queen of the South, the Mary of the Gael.

CIARAN AT THE MONASTERY OF CLONARD

There once lived in Connaught a lad named Ciaran. He had four brothers and three sisters, and because his father was not a rich man, Ciaran had to help his father and mother. Every chance that he had, however, he spent in study, and even when he was herding the cattle, he would read, and practice writing on the wax tablets that he always carried with him.

The thing that Ciaran loved best next to his family and his studies, was an old dun cow that had been his favorite ever since she was born. The animal seemed to know Ciaran's love for her. Whenever he was sitting under a tree, deep in his work, she would graze close by. Every once in a while she would raise her head, and, solemnly chewing her cud, would stare at him with her soft brown eyes. Ciaran was very gentle with her, and when her little calf was born he cared for it as tenderly as he had cared for its mother.

One day, when Ciaran was fifteen years old, he decided it was time to speak to his parents of something he had been thinking about for a long while. So one morning he said,

"Mother dear, and father, the time has come for me to go away. I have learned all that I can without teachers. And more than anything in the world I want to be a scholar."

His mother looked at him with startled eyes, for she foresaw what was in her boy's mind.

"Art thou sure, my son," she said, "that thou hast thought of everything? — the long distance to go, the dangers, the hardships to be encountered?"

"Aye, mother, everything," replied Ciaran. "'Twill be hard to leave thee, and the rest, but with my younger brother and sisters growing up, my help is not needed so much as it has been."

"Thou'rt right, son," said his father sadly. "Perhaps it is best for thee to go. Hast thou decided where thou wilt go, and when?"

"I have thought about it a long time," said Ciaran. "Today I am going to leave for St. Finnian's school at Clonard, on the Boyne."

"That seems to be a wise decision," said his father.

With tears in her eyes his mother helped him get ready. There was little to do, for he could not carry much, and he expected to obtain food on the way. When he was about to leave, he asked, a little timidly, for he feared refusal,

"Mother, dost thou suppose I might take with me, as a gift to the monastery, one of our cows — just one?"

"Dear son, thou knowest well that we would give thee all if we could. But *that* — I fear we cannot spare even one of our herd. Perhaps —"

"Nay, mother," interrupted Ciaran, "I did but wish it, because I will have naught else to offer. But I will work the harder myself to repay my teachers. And now, goodbye."

Weeping, his mother kissed him farewell. All his sisters and brothers wept too, for he was going far away and they did not know when they might see him again.

It was the middle of the afternoon when Ciaran set out. At night he made himself a bed of boughs near a clear cold brook in the forest, and was about to lie

down to sleep when he heard the thud of feet and the crackling of branches. Fearful, he jumped up quickly, seizing the dagger that he wore at his belt. The thud came nearer, and it sounded now as if there were two creatures instead of one. Indeed he could just make out in the darkness two forms, a big one with a little one at its side. His heart stood still and he held his breath. Just then the animal stretched forward its head, and a plaintive "moo" came from its throat. With a cry of delight Ciaran sprang forward, and threw his arms about the old dun cow's neck. She and her little calf had followed him all the way.

The next morning the three continued their journey. Because he had gone so far, and because the old dun cow could not be forced to leave him, Ciaran believed it was the will of God that she should go with him, and his heart was light. For days they travelled, and frequently others bound for the same place joined them, until there was quite a company. Often they blessed the old dun cow, for often they had nothing at all to eat and only her milk to drink.

When at last they arrived at Clonard they found, surrounded by a high wall, a monastery and a group of little huts that looked like beehives. The huts were made of wattles woven together. Each scholar had to build his own little dwelling, for although there was a monastery, only the monks and the sons of chiefs and kings could live there. Ciaran and two or three of his companions built a house large enough so that they could all live together. So earnestly did they labor that the house was soon completed. Then Ciaran made himself known to his teachers, and entered upon his new life as a student. As at home, there were chores to be done before the day's study began. Ciaran helped milk

Ciaran Going to Clonard

the cows; he cut wood for the big fireplaces in the monastery, and he helped take care of the gardens where vegetables and fruits for the monks were raised. Every day, too, he had to spend a certain time copying books, for all the books in those days were made by hand. Sometimes the pages were wonderfully illuminated in gold and red and blue and green. Ciaran took great delight in doing this and when each bit of handiwork was completed he was thrilled with its beauty. His lettering was so clear, and his coloring so beautiful, that he often received great praise from the others.

In addition to these tasks, Ciaran found time to perfect himself in his studies. The lectures which he attended were frequently held out-of-doors in a wide clearing, or on the hillside, because the students were so numerous that there was no room large enough for them all together. Pupils came from all over the world to study there, from Britain, France, Germany, and from distant Italy. Even in such a throng, it was not strange that Ciaran became known to his teachers. He was so faithful and earnest, so eager to be a great scholar, that he attracted the attention of the great St. Finnian himself.

At the end of twelve years, Ciaran received the degree of ollave — the highest degree given in the university. Then came the time when he must leave the monastery, and perhaps found one of his own.

St. Finnian had come to love and admire Ciaran more than any other of his pupils. The parting was a sad one. Neither could speak at first. Then Ciaran said,

"Dear master, and friend, thou must know that any monastery I may found will always be under thy authority."

"Nay, Ciaran," said St. Finnian, "that cannot be. For thou hast been blessed of God, and art greater even

than I. To thee, instead, should I entrust this school of mine."

Ciaran was so touched by this sign of his teacher's confidence and affection that he burst into tears. When Finnian saw that he said,

"At least, let there be strong bonds of unity between our monasteries forever."

Ciaran said, "That shall be so."

And he did not forget these parting words when he in turn became the founder of the great monastery of Clonmacnoise.

THE COMING OF THE NORSEMEN

Farther north than Ireland lay the country of Norway. The people who lived there were bold, seafaring pirates, ever on the alert for opportunities to plunder. They set out on their journeys in great black boats fashioned after the form of a dragon, and rowed by fifty or a hundred strong men. Gradually they ventured farther and farther from their own shores, and before long they came to the islands that lay off the coast of Scotland. Here they pillaged and burned the churches and settlements and carried away with them women and children and all the treasures they could find.

They brought home with them tales of gold and jewels, and of costly stuffs, dyed red and blue and purple, that were to be found in the regions they had visited. Swarms of pirates soon followed in their tracks. Farther and farther westward they ventured, until they came to the coast of Ireland.

For nearly a hundred years they went back and forth, pillaging and burning until the Irish people who lived along the shores were almost in despair. The Norsemen did not stop to make settlements, nor did they ever go far enough inland to lose sight of their ships. So when the Irish saw them coming, they gathered together all the food and treasures that they could take, and fled to the Round Towers. These Round Towers were built all over the country and traces of them may be seen to this very day. They were made of stone with thick walls, and with a heavy oak door, eight or ten feet from the

ground, reached by a ladder. After the refugees had climbed into the tower, they pulled up the ladder, and there they were safe — for the tower was so well and so strongly built that even fire could not destroy it. Here they waited patiently until they were rescued by some neighboring chieftain, or until the invaders had departed. And if, when they could safely come forth again, they found their houses and churches in ashes, they set to work restoring them.

At length a time came when the Norsemen decided that they would like to stay in Ireland, and live there as the conquerors of the people. Then, Irish spirit and patriotism were aroused. Memory recalled the robberies of these pagan intruders, their destruction of churches and religious settlements, their scorn for the beautiful books and manuscripts made by the monks and their harsh treatment of the women and children who had been sold into slavery. The Irish, therefore, resolved never to become subject to such a race. Numerous and fierce were the battles waged against the pirates, and for many a year the Irish were victorious.

At length Turgesius, one of the most cruel of the invaders, came with fleets and sailors from all the countries of the north of Europe to conquer the Irish. He overpowered the native inhabitants, made himself High King, and built for himself a fortified castle near the domains of Malachi, King of Meath.

It so happened that one day when he came to the palace of Malachi, he chanced to see the King's beautiful daughter. She was so lovely that he asked the King to give her to him as his wife. But Malachi craftily answered,

"Thou shouldst not wed in haste. Thou shouldst see others of the maidens of Meath before choosing my

daughter as thy wife, for many of them are far more lovable and more beautiful than she. Thou wouldst not look twice at her couldst thou but see them. Since thy fortress lies near our residence, do thou return, and I will send the princess to thee with fifteen of the loveliest maidens in Meath. Then thou mayest have thy choice — and if, perchance, thou still desirest my daughter most, she shall be thy wife."

Turgesius approved of this plan and returned to his fortress. At that time fifteen chiefs had met there to take counsel with Turgesius as to how they might best extend their sway over the country. So the next day Turgesius told them of the beautiful maidens who were coming to his palace, and promised that each should choose from among them a wife for himself.

Meanwhile Malachi sent privately for fifteen of the most daring beardless youths in Meath, and he ordered that they be dressed in women's garments and that each wear a short sword concealed at the waist.

When the time came for him to send his daughter to Turgesius, he sent with her the fifteen youths disguised as women. And he told them that, when they should come into the presence of Turgesius, a number of them were to fall upon the King and capture him, and the remainder were to seize the arms of the chieftains. He himself would follow at a short distance with a body of soldiers, and would be ready to rush into the house at the first cry and help slay the foreigners.

When word came to Turgesius that the princess and her attendants were coming and were about to enter the fortress, he ordered the chieftains to stack their arms in a corner and receive the maidens in a friendly manner. Scarcely had this been done when the princess and her companions entered the room one by one. Turgesius

looked from one to another, but none pleased him better than Malachi's daughter. Just as he stepped forward to take her by the hand, several of the youths seized him by force and made him captive; another group seized the arms, while the chieftains, stunned with fear at so sudden and unexpected an attack, were easily overpowered by Malachi and his party, who made their way into the fortress at just that moment. All were slain except Turgesius, whom Malachi took captive.

When the Norsemen throughout Ireland heard that Turgesius was captured and all their other chiefs slain, they were so terrified that all but a few fled to their ships and took flight from the country. Thereupon Malachi was proclaimed High King, and so, for a while, Ireland was free from the rule of the foreigners.

THE QUARREL OF THE CHIEFTAINS

Not long after the death of Turgesius, the Norsemen returned to Ireland. The Danes, too, began to send over bands of invaders, and for another hundred years the Irish found themselves fighting nearly all the time.

At last there came forward a man who was so strong and powerful that he was made High King of all Ireland. This man was Brian Boru. He soon put an end to strife, and restored law and order throughout all Ireland. He established public schools, and gave the price of books to those who were unable to pay for them but who wished to devote themselves to learning. He did not seek riches for himself but gave to the Irish the spoils he took from foreigners. He built bridges and causeways, highways and fortresses, and throughout the whole of Ireland in his time there was peace and industry.

Brian was also determined to have a fine fleet of ships, so that he would always be prepared against the enemy that came by sea. With this idea in mind he sent messengers to his brother-in-law Mailmora,[1] King of Leinster, requesting that he bring to him three ships' masts of excellent wood from his forest. Mailmora had the trees cut down, and went along himself to see that they were safely delivered to Brian. As the men were proceeding towards Kincora,[2] a war of words arose among those who were carrying the masts. For a while Mailmora listened to their argument, but as it grew worse,

[1] Mailmora, mail mŏ′ ra. [2] Kincora, kin cŏ′ ra.

he at length stepped forward, and, putting his shoulder under the mast himself, said,

"Now then, ye may see there is none too good to do his share of the work. I, your King, put my shoulder to the task. Cease your hot disputes and give your help willingly, too."

At that the men, somewhat shamefaced, became quiet and proceeded without further words.

Mailmora was dressed in a white satin tunic with golden borders and a silver clasp, one that Brian himself had given him. As they were passing over a rough part of ground the clasp on his tunic snapped. When they reached Kincora, he took off his tunic and gave it to his sister, who was the wife of Brian, to mend. Now, although she was Brian's wife, she had never been happy because her brother had submitted to him. So dear was her own blood that she hated to see the spirit of her fathers, long defiant and independent, subdued by anyone. When Mailmora told her how his clasp had become broken, she took the garment and angrily threw it into the fire that was blazing on the hearth before her.

"So this is how thou humblest thyself before another!" she cried. "Thinkest thou thy father or thy grandfather would have brooked such slavery? Dost thou not see that Brian's son will some day make the same demands from thy son? And yet, like any weakling, thou dost grant the King's requests. Would that I were the King of Leinster! Were Brian ten times as dear to me as he is now, the welfare and honor of my people would be dearer still."

Mailmora made no reply, but all night long the words of his sister rankled in his mind, nor had he yet forgotten them when the light of morning broke. Each hour made

him feel more deeply the sting of her reproach, and all day long he sought a reason for revolt against the High King, Brian. He made use of the first opportunity for a quarrel. The King's son, Murrogh, was playing chess. Mailmora, watching, gave him advice which caused the game to go against him. Angry at his defeat, Murrogh turned and taunted Mailmora, saying,

"It was thou, was it not, who once upon a time gave such poor advice to thine allies, the Norsemen, that they were defeated in the Battle of Gleann Mama?" [1]

"And if I did," said Mailmora, "I will give them other advice which will cause thy defeat in turn."

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Murrogh, "I defy thee to do so."

Enraged, Mailmora went to his sleeping room, and there he sulked until early the next morning, when he departed from the palace without any word of farewell. He had resolved in his heart to avenge the affront.

When Brian heard of the manner of the King of Leinster's departure, he sent after him a page to detain him that he might pay him for the masts, make him gifts, and offer explanation for his son's conduct. But when Mailmora saw the page coming he turned upon him, and gave him three heavy blows upon the head with a yew staff that he carried, so that the page swooned and had to be taken back to Brian's household in a litter. Then indeed Brian knew that trouble was brewing, and he prepared for war by assembling the men of Meath under Malachi and the men of Munster and Connaught.

[1] Gleann Mama, glan mä' mä.

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF

As soon as Mailmora returned home, he began preparing for war against Brian. He formed an alliance with Sitric of the Silken Beard, the Danish King of Dublin, and together they collected a tremendous army. Sigurd came from the Orkney Islands with his men, and Broder [1] and Amlaff [2] from the Isle of Man. Broder, who worshipped the heathen gods, was a furious fighter. He was tall and strong; his eyes, they say, could pierce the deepest gloom, and his thick black hair was so long that he could tuck it into his belt. Besides these, there came fleets and men from Scotland, the Shetland Isles, the Hebrides, from France and Germany, and from the distant shores of Norway. Dublin Harbor was black with ships assembled there to fight for Mailmora and Sitric.

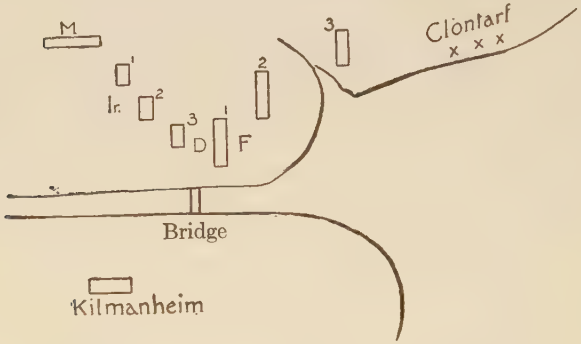
When news of these preparations came to the ears of Brian, he lost no time, but gathered his men and proceeded toward Kilmanheim. There he encamped and set fire to all the Danish districts round about. When the Norsemen saw the whole country before them blazing and smoking, they determined to make an immediate attack. Word came to Brian on Thursday that battle would be given on the next morning.

At dawn on Friday he set out from his encampment. Under his son, Murrogh, marched the Dalcassians, then came the men from the rest of Munster, forces from Connaught, two companies from Scotland, and Malachi with his men from Meath. All the King's family, with

[1] Broder, broo' der. [2] Amlaff, au' liff.

the exception of his son Donogh, who had gone to Leinster for men and had not yet returned, were there to fight by his side — his sons and nephews, and even his grandson Turlogh,[1] a youth of fifteen. The ranks marched forward in such close order that it seemed as if a chariot might be driven over the heads of the men.

At Clontarf, the meadow of the Roaring Bulls, where the waves rumble and roll and break against the sand banks of the Liffey, the two great armies came together.



Ir = Irish Army
D = Dalcassians
M = Malachi's forces
F = Foreign Danes

Brian was persuaded, on account of his advanced age, to leave the command to Murrogh. Riding up and down in sight of all his men, he spoke to them in spirited words.

"Fight bravely," he cried, "Many may die, but none in vain. Fight for your country and your homes." With this, he gave the signal for battle, and then withdrew to his tent in the rear.

The fight was long and fierce, a man-to-man encounter. Many and cruel were the contests on both sides.

[1] Turlogh, tur' lŏ.

From early morning till late that night the fighting continued. At times so fierce was the onslaught of the Danes and so many the men who fell before them, that it was as if they were reapers mowing down a field of corn.

In his tent, Brian prayed long and earnestly for his brave men, constantly putting anxious questions to his one attendant, Laiten,[1] who stood at the door to view the field.

"Murrogh's banner flies high and bravely," Laiten reported early in the morning. "The battalions are mixed together in deadly struggle, and I hear their blows as if a vast multitude were hewing down Tomar's wood with heavy axes."

"'Tis well that Murrogh's standard is not lowered," said Brian. "As long as the men of Erin can see that, they will fight with courage and valor."

At noon he asked again how fared the battle, and again the reply was much the same.

Towards evening the Irish made a united and determined attack, and everywhere the ranks of the enemy broke. Crowds fled along the level shore of the Liffey, hoping to reach Dublin, but Malachi, who had been waiting for this moment, closed in and cut off their retreat. About six o'clock in the evening it was high tide, and the Norse ships were so far from shore that the Danes were unable to get to them and so were caught between the Meathmen on one side and the sea on the other. Few of the Norsemen escaped, for they were either cut down, or driven into the sea and drowned.

When, toward dusk, Brian asked for a third time, "How goes the battle?" Laiten answered, saddened by the sights before him, "The foreigners are defeated, but the standard of Murrogh has fallen. Only a few of the great heroes are now left to keep up the fight."

[1] Laiten, lā′ ten.

"'Tis evil news," said Brian, "for if Murrogh has fallen, then have the men of Erin lost their inspiration. Never again will they see such valor as his."

Then came the last great rout of the Danes. Suddenly Laiten realized how unguarded and unprotected was the position in which Brian had been left, and, alarmed at the fury of the fleeing Danes, urged the King to seek safety in the camp. But Brian, warriorlike, answered,

"'Tis of no avail for me to live now that my son, my grandson and the other champions have fallen. I will not leave the field. Here, if God so wills, I die."

Just then it happened that Broder, who was fleeing inland from the battlefield with some of his men, approached the tent.

"Danes in armor!" exclaimed Brian, rising and seizing his sword.

At that moment Broder rushed forward, battle-axe held high. Later, when the guards returned, they found their warrior King dead on the ground, and Broder dying by his side. Tenderly they lifted Brian and on the next day, deeply mourning, they buried him with Murrogh, his heroic son, in the Cathedral at Armagh.

Thus, in the hour of Ireland's greatest victory, a valiant chieftain fell.

THE COMING OF STRONGBOW

For a long time after the battle of Clontarf little of importance happened in Ireland. In 1162, Roderick O'Connor became king, and during his reign there came to be throughout the country a greater feeling of peace and friendship than had ever been known before.

Unfortunately however, Dermot MacMurrough, the King of Leinster, was an evil and traitorous man. He was headstrong and passionate, rough and hateful even to his own people. At last his misrule became unbearable, and Roderick not only forced him to leave his throne, but banished him from the land. Thereupon, eager for revenge, Dermot fled across the seas resolved to get help from Henry II, King of England. Henry welcomed the thought of gaining a foothold in Ireland, and listened to Dermot eagerly. But at that time he himself was too busy with affairs of his own kingdom to give any help. So at the King's suggestion Dermot sought out Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, better known as Strongbow. To Strongbow he unfolded plans for the conquest of his own country.

"If you will give your aid," urged Dermot, "you shall have my daughter Eva for your wife. And that means that after my death you will be King of Leinster."

"King?" Strongbow started, for the words sounded sweet in his ears. "Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, and King of Leinster," he repeated, liking well the sound of the title. "You say there is no doubt of success?" he asked.

"Failure would be impossible," answered Dermot. "I could almost have defeated Roderick alone. And your King, Henry, is in favor of the plan. He is wise enough to see the chances that will be opened."

"King of Leinster!" repeated Strongbow over and over. "King, you say?"

"Aye."

"'Twere worth a risk, even, — and if, as you say, 'tis so sure a plan — I'll do it," he said abruptly. "But have you aught to offer as an inducement to my soldiers?"

"Lands," said Dermot promptly. "All the land that may be taken shall be divided among your chiefs."

"'Tis enough," said Strongbow. "They will be well satisfied."

Thereupon he sent messengers to his two chiefs, Robert Fitzstephen and Maurice Prendergast, and they set sail at once for Ireland with knights and archers to the number of two thousand. Shortly afterwards, Strongbow himself, with three thousand men, landed in Ireland near Waterford. Together they attacked the city. It was a bloody battle, for the people made a brave and fierce defence, but they were greatly outnumbered and before long the city was captured. Immediately after the fight, messengers came into the presence of Dermot, saying,

"Sir, our master, Strongbow, wishes to know when you are to keep your promise and give him your daughter Eva as his wife."

"Now, if he wishes," responded Dermot, and calling his daughter to him, they all set out for the tent of Strongbow. While the streets were still running with the blood of the valiant men who had defended the city, Strongbow and Eva were married. Scarcely had the ceremony been performed when news came that the men of Dublin, under Asculf, were in revolt.

"Forsooth, then, I must leave my bride and subdue these rebellious soldiers once and for all," said Strongbow.

That same day he departed for Dublin. When he arrived, he found that the garrison was small compared with his own large army. He forced his way into the city, and slaughtered the citizens with great cruelty.

Just about this time Dermot died. This meant that Strongbow, if he could succeed in his conquest, would be King of Leinster. It seemed as if he were very near the goal of his ambition. But Henry II began to fear that Strongbow would become too powerful, and so he ordered that no more men or supplies should be sent to him from England. This was wellnigh disastrous to Strongbow.

He was now threatened by a new danger. The patriotic archbishop, Laurence O'Toole, had been going throughout Ireland persuading the kings and chieftains to unite against Strongbow, the Norman invader. Before long a great army was encamped around the walls of Dublin under the command of Roderick. A siege was begun, and for two months Strongbow's garrison remained in the city, facing starvation with no hope of relief from England. At last, reduced to desperate straits, they resolved to make a sally.

It was about three o'clock one sweltering afternoon in August. The Irish besiegers had relaxed their vigilance. Guards, wearied with the heat, had thrown aside their arms and were pacing lazily back and forth outside the walls. Some of the soldiers were stretched out on the grass in the shade of trees, and many were inside their tents enjoying an afternoon doze.

Suddenly the loud cry of many voices rang through the lazy stillness. Armor clanged, swords rattled, and hoarse shouts went up as Strongbow's men surged through the gates. Panic-stricken, the unarmed Irish fled. Ter-

ror spread rapidly. Strongbow's men plundered Dublin and the country round about and returned to the city with booty, and provisions enough for a whole year.

Thus the Irish monarchy, which had endured for centuries, received a fatal blow through the ambition and treachery of one of Erin's chieftains, and the country became the prey of the Saxons and the Normans.

EDWARD BRUCE IN IRELAND

During the years that followed the triumph of Strongbow the English monarchs, one after another, determined to gain complete possession of Ireland. So successful were they that King John of England was able to impose his rule upon the Irish. He divided Ireland into twelve counties; he created courts and appointed court-officers.

The laws which he established were old Norman laws, and were very hard on the native Irish who, for some time, had scarcely any rights. They resented this but nevertheless during his life King John's governors managed to keep Ireland quiet and peaceful. After his death in 1216 warfare and strife broke out again and raged throughout Ireland for a century.

At last, in 1315 the Irish sent messengers to Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, asking him to send his brother, Sir Edward Bruce, to lead their forces and become their king.

Bruce was a daring fighter, and he gladly responded to the call of the Irish. Gathering some six thousand men of valor, he took ship, and sailed straight for Ireland. He landed at Lough Larne in the north of Ireland, and there he was joined by Donall O'Neill with another army. The two took counsel together.

"Immediate attack," said O'Neill, "would probably be in vain. We must first raid the country held by the English, burn the houses, seize all the food we can, and destroy the rest. Then, when we do make an attack, the enemy will be so weakened that victory will not be diffi-

cult." He seemed to forget that he might be weakening his own strength at the same time.

To Bruce also this plan seemed best. So, with their armies, the two leaders scoured the country.

Meanwhile Richard de Burgo, the Red Earl of Ulster, and Sir Edmund Butler, leaders of the English, joined their forces and, adopting the same methods as the Irish, laid waste the fields as they marched, leaving misery and suffering behind them.

At length news came to Bruce that the enemy were assembled at Dundalk. Anxious for an engagement, he hastened hither, and near the town he drew up his men in battle order. All night they kept careful watch, but the enemy within the town made no move until soon after sunrise the next morning. Then a fierce battle was begun, both sides putting forth their utmost strength. Until midday the outcome was doubtful. At length Bruce and his men rushed in so furiously that the enemy could not endure longer, and they took to flight with broken ranks. A cruel slaughter ensued, and the streets ran deep with blood.

After the battle, Edward Bruce was crowned King of Ireland.

It was not long before De Burgo, with renewed forces, was again engaged with Bruce. Five battles were fought, and though Bruce was victorious in every one, his army was much weakened. He knew that unless he could get reinforcements somewhere, the cause he had taken up would be lost.

Now there had been fighting, on the side of Richard de Burgo, a strong and hardy Irishman named Felim O'Conor. O'Conor was recalled to his own kingdom in Connaught on account of uprisings there. Since he was separated from the English chief, O'Neill thought the

EDWARD BRUCE AT DUNDALK

Irish might win him over to their side. So he sent messengers to O'Conor.

"Come to the help of the Irish," he pleaded. "You yourself are Irish born. Loyalty to your country, love for your people, should direct your zeal to the aid of Ireland. Never before has there been such chance of ridding ourselves of English rule. In the final test of strength, Ireland must have the support of all her sons."

The appeal carried weight.

"Out with the English!" cried Felim O'Conor. "Ireland for the Irish!" and with his Connaughtmen he started for Galway. Little did he suspect the fate awaiting him, but, fired with the spirit of patriotism, naught would he have cared even if he had known.

At Athenry he met Richard de Burgo with a huge army.

"Forward, men!" he cried, and at their head he rode recklessly against the enemy. Time and again they made a furious rush, and time and again were they driven back with frightful loss. Lightly clad, the Irish fought in masses, each man for himself. Gradually the quiet order of the enemy made itself felt. Felim's courageous voice was lost in the din of battle. Bleeding with a hundred wounds, he grew weaker and weaker. At last he was slain, but his enraged followers fought more furiously than ever to avenge their leader's death. That was a sorry day for them. At sundown eleven thousand of Connaught's bravest men were dead upon the battle field. It was the most terrible defeat the Irish had ever known.

Not long afterwards, Edward Bruce was killed in the battle of Faughart, and the Irish, left without a leader, were unable to continue the strife.

Their efforts had availed something, however.

Everywhere throughout Ireland the English government and the English forces were so weakened that they found it impossible to extend their sway. The Irish power was nearly equal to theirs in every part of the land. Only in and about the city of Dublin did the foreign government have control.

Elsewhere there came to be bonds of peace and friendship between the two opposing races. Each gave something to the other. The English remaining in Ireland were for the most part of Norman descent, having come originally from Normandy, in Northern France. They had brought with them the art of the continent. Many of the most beautiful castles and abbeys in Ireland were built by these Normans. In exchange the Normans came to adopt the Gaelic language of Ireland, and they took as their wives the sweet Irish colleens. Daily the two races grew closer and closer together in thought and in sentiment. The Normans were as proud of the old tales of Deirdre, and Cuchulain, and Fergus, as if these were stories of their own people. They came to love their adopted country as if they had never known any other, and were wont to boast with considerable pride, that they were "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

ART MAC MURROUGH KAVANAGH

Although by 1360 the Norman-Irish were getting so that they could hardly be told from the native Irish, there were people continually coming over from England who did not change their speech and manners and customs. These people settled in colonies very close together in the districts surrounding Dublin, the seat of the English government. The King of England thought he was master of the whole of Ireland at this time, but, as a matter of fact, he was ruling very little except this district, around Dublin, called "the Pale," from the word "paling" which means enclosure. People were divided into two classes, those who lived "inside the Pale," and those who lived "outside the Pale." The English governors often found it necessary, in order to keep peace, to bribe the Norman-Irish and the native Irish who lived outside. Sometimes, in fact, they paid them regular yearly tributes, which came to be called "black rents."

Art MacMurrough Kavanagh, the native King of Leinster, was a brave and heroic man. When he fell in love with the daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, he married her. This may not seem an especially brave thing for him to do, but Maurice was an Englishman of Norman descent — one of the early settlers from England — and the English government had recently passed a law which forbade intermarrying between the native Irish and the English settlers. When the English heard of this marriage, therefore, they seized all the prop-

erty and land which Art's wife had inherited, and they stopped paying to Art the "black rents" which he had forced from them. Art was furious, and he immediately began to burn and plunder the country "within the Pale."

Richard II, King of England, heard of the discord in Ireland, and he determined to stop it. Accordingly he sailed for Ireland with thirty-four thousand men, the largest army that had ever come to the shores of Erin. He landed at Waterford in 1394.

For some time Art MacMurrough paid no heed to Richard's coming, but continued his burning and plundering. At last, however, he realized that it was useless to oppose so large an army. So, with the rest of the chiefs, he submitted, and promised to cause no more trouble. Richard, thinking he had gained his point, left the government of Ireland in the hands of his cousin, Sir Roger Mortimer, and returned to England. The minute his back was turned, his plans were laughed at.

"I only submitted because I was forced to," said Art.

"We too," echoed the other chieftains.

"A forced promise is less than no promise at all," exclaimed Art, and as they all agreed, fighting was renewed in Ireland, almost before Richard had sailed out of sight of land.

In a battle at Kells, Art defeated the English, and Sir Roger Mortimer was killed. When news of his cousin's death came to Richard's ears, he was very angry, and resolved to come back to Ireland and avenge him.

Art heard this and laughed in his beard. "Oh, ho!" he cried, "I will make him live to regret the day he sets foot again in this green country." He took counsel with his chiefs.

"Tangle him up in the forests," he ordered. "Mire

his men in the bogs, and decoy them up the rough steep mountains. If he wants to fight, make him run to his fighting. Then he'll be weary and easy to overcome."

Again Richard landed at Waterford, and thence, across level country, he marched to Kilkenny. There he paused, undecided whether to keep on across country, or turn off into the forests on the right. Dublin was his goal, and straight ahead was the safest way. But the enemy's army had evidently turned into the forests toward Wicklow. "Why not kill two birds with one stone?" argued Richard. "We can take the enemy and, withal, not go so very far out of our way."

So he turned to the right. When Art heard that his ruse had succeeded, he chuckled in his beard, and there was more than mirth in his laughter. There was a bit of sneering scorn at Richard's stupidity.

It was not long before Richard found out how stupid he had been. For, as had been planned by the Irish, his men did get tangled and lost in the forest, they sank up to their waists in the bogs and marshes, and some were so mired that they never got out. It rained and it stormed, and the men were nearly dead of hunger and cold. Finally they came to a little town lying at the foot of a mountain, and when they looked up whom should they see laughing and jeering down at them but Art and his men. Between them was an impenetrable forest.

Angry and weary and footsore, Richard's force first plundered the village and then forced the inhabitants to cut a way through the forest. Still Art was too much for him. The English, used to fighting in the open, were completely surprised and dismayed when the Irish rolled rocks upon them from cliffs above, darted out from behind trees, and hurled their heavy lances with such force that no armor could withstand them. Many of the

English were killed, many were lost in the forest and the bogs, some died from the cold and rain; but those who were left had to keep on, for the way back was longer than the way ahead. All the time Art's mountaineers harassed them and cut off their foraging parties.

At last word came to Richard that Art was willing to make terms with him. The English were overjoyed at this news for they were worn out with their disastrous march.

Richard sent the Earl of Gloucester [1] to confer with Art. Gloucester went forward with a few men and waited for Art at the foot of the hill. Before long, the Irish chief came into sight. He dashed down the hill at top speed, without saddle or bridle, on a wonderful horse, which he had purchased in exchange for four hundred cows. So swift did he ride that a deer or a hare could not have overtaken him. Drawing up sharply in the presence of Gloucester, Art hurled his spear from him with such skill that Gloucester and his men were amazed. Art saw the impression that he had made upon them, and spoke first saying,

"So thy King is ready to come to terms? 'Tis time! He can scarcely hold out much longer." He spoke boastfully, and Gloucester was angry.

"My King is no coward," he said, "nor shalt thou imply that he is. Terms he will make, perhaps, but not unless they suit him."

"So?" said Art. "He expects *me* to make concessions? I will make none while I live. Of that thou mayest be sure. Peace on my own terms I will make, but on no other, for I care not whether there be peace or war."

"Nor does the King," flung back Gloucester angrily, "and thou hadst better betake thyself with thy men to the mountains and prepare for more war."

[1] Gloucester, glŏs′ ter.

With that the two parted. When Richard was told of Art's audacity and insults he was furious.

"May the foul fiend take him!" he cried. "Never will I leave Ireland until I have him caught and slain."

But Richard forgot that there were other affairs of importance besides those in Ireland. He had no sooner got to Dublin than he was called back to England. He had to leave Erin without avenging himself upon Art, and he never had an opportunity to return for his revenge. When he arrived in England he was arrested and put in the tower, and Henry V was crowned King of England in his place.

Over in Ireland Art's raiding and plundering became so annoying that the government was forced to give his wife's property back to her, and to resume the payment of his "black rents."

THE EARL OF KILDARE

At length the English began to gain more power in Ireland. Assemblies were called for the purpose of governing the land. The Norman-Irish barons and the English were represented in this Parliament, but not the native Irish. The laws passed were still unjust and hard on the Irish. The common people inside the Pale were even forced to take English names. Many of them, therefore, took the names of towns, of colors, or of trades. That is where such names as Cork, Sutton, Brown, Green and Carpenter came from.

When Henry VII came to the throne of England there was, as lord lieutenant in Ireland, a powerful Norman-Irish baron by the name of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare. Because he was a bold and brave fighter, he had become very popular with the native Irish, who always worshipped a hero. He and his family and followers, known as the Geraldines, had more power in Ireland than any other of the barons.

Henry knew that it would be wise to have for a friend a person as popular as Gerald. But since the Earl had given support to Lambert Simnel, an enemy of the King, Henry turned him out of his office as lord lieutenant and sent over in his place Sir Edward Poynings.

Gerald attempted to oppose the authority of Sir Edward Poynings, and was accused of treason. Various other charges were made against him, until he was called to England to answer for his offences. Henry had no intention of punishing him. What he really wanted was

a chance to see what kind of man Gerald was, and make friends with him.

When he landed in England, Gerald was sent to the Tower of London as a prisoner. This should have been terrifying to him, for many who were sent to the Tower never were seen again, and nobody knew what became of them. Instead of being frightened, Gerald was angry. When the time came for his trial, he was not in a pleasant mood.

There were many charges made against him, and the most serious one was that he had burned the Cathedral at Cashel. It was expected that he would deny this. Instead he answered defiantly,

"Spare your evidence! I did set fire to the church, for I thought some particular friends of the king were in it."

The court was shocked at this remark, for it made the charge worse yet.

"In that case," they answered, "you had better choose someone to defend your case, for you will need strong arguments if you wish to escape death."

At that Gerald turned to King Henry who was present at the trial, and taking him by the hand said, "Then, your highness, I choose the ablest in the realm. I take your highness for my counsel against these false knaves!"

Although a bold thing for him to do, it pleased the vanity of Henry, who could not help admiring the man's courage. But if it was pleasing to the King, his boldness was exasperating to his enemies. They finally exclaimed in despair,

"All Ireland cannot govern this Earl!"

"Then this Earl shall govern all Ireland!" said the King, and Gerald, made lord lieutenant of Ireland once more, returned to Dublin in triumph.

GERVAISE

Henry VIII, King of England and Ireland, declared in 1536 that he, and not the Pope was the head of the church in England. In order to force people to acknowledge his power he set out to despoil the monasteries both in England and in Ireland.

In the little monastery of Cloncurry in the county of Kildare, Gervaise, the prior, paced anxiously back and forth in his cell, his head bent, his hands clasped behind him. He was eagerly waiting for a messenger, yet dreading to hear the news that might be brought. As he stopped to look through the window, the man whom he was expecting came galloping along the road that led through the soft green meadow to the gates of the monastery. Hastening to the doorway, Gervaise met the messenger as he was mounting the steps.

"What news?" he cried, though from the man's sad face he knew without asking.

"The King's agents have been to Clane," he answered. "They have stripped the church of its gold and jewels, its beautiful cross and costly chalices. In place they have left a cross and chalices of tin. They laughed at the monks who begged for mercy. They ordered them either to give in at once or leave the monastery."

"And what of Brother Andrew?" asked Gervaise, shading his eyes with his hand. Andrew, Prior of Clane, was his dearest friend.

"Brother Andrew, with all his monks, is leaving," said the messenger. "He bade me tell thee this: that he and

those of his monastery, all of whom were loyal, would now go throughout the country carrying to the people messages of hope and faith, and living as best they could. He bade me urge upon thee this — to sell thy precious jewels and gold and silver ornaments, and give the money to the poor and needy of Cloncurry."

"He did! Why so?" cried the holy prior.

"Because" — the messenger faltered — "the English will come here next. They will spare nothing. They will strip thy church of everything and drive thee forth to seek a living elsewhere."

"If that be so" — Gervaise looked about him at the place he loved so well, thinking of all the treasures and ornaments that were so dear to him — that he had guarded, proud of the trust, all the time that he had been prior of the abbey. "Dear Brother Andrew's advice is wise and," he laughed, although the tears were in his eyes, "'twill be good to see the English when they find nothing here."

Calling his monks to him, Gervaise told them, as gently as he could, the news that had been brought to him. Then to each he gave a portion of the ornaments to sell. When the money for them was brought to him, he distributed it among the poor of Cloncurry as Brother Andrew had advised him. Three days it took, and scarcely had everything been disposed of when warning came of the approach of the King's men.

The sky was blue, the birds were singing in the trees, and the flowers were blossoming all through the green meadow, on the day that the King's agents came galloping down the road, half hidden in a cloud of dust. The gate swung open almost before they had reached the abbey, and into the courtyard they rode, Sir William Dickson at their head. For to Sir William Dickson

GERVAISE AND SIR WILLIAM DICKSON

the King had granted all the monastery, its buildings, its lands, its costly plate, its gold, both coined and uncoined. Sir William's heart was light, for his love of gold was great.

A little surprised that they had met with no opposition, the King's men dismounted at the steps. Without ceremony, they entered the doors of the monastery. In the church were Gervaise and his monks, deep in prayer. Sir William with his men, proceeded to the altar, where he hoped to find the gold and silver plate, and jewels. At his approach the monks stood up. Quietly they watched the company proceed.

Sir William did not see that all was bare until, at the very altar rail, he stopped, bewildered by the lack of display he had expected. Turning to Gervaise, he said,

"What does this mean?"

Then Gervaise answered, "I ask thee, first, what thou dost mean by this rude interruption of our prayers?"

Sir William looked at him in scorn. His eyes blazed. But Gervaise's head was lowered and he did not see the haughty manner and flashing eyes of Dickson.

"It means that this," the angry leader made a wide sweep of his arm, "that this, and all that goes with it is mine."

"By what right?" asked Gervaise sternly, raising his head and looking Sir William squarely in the eyes.

"The right given me by the King," replied Sir William.

"The King! What of the right of God?"

"The King's will is the will of God," Sir William answered. "Nor will I stand for further parley," he continued impatiently. "The things that go with this, the altar ornaments, the gold and silver. Where are they? Dost think thou canst hide them from me?"

Gervaise smiled.

"I know that I cannot, because —"

"Well?"

"Because they have been sold and all the money spent to relieve the poor and needy of Cloncurry."

Sir William raised his arm to strike, then lowered it again. His anger, though restrained, was great.

"So?" His voice rose in scorn. "Then take thy just punishment, for methinks 'tis worse than death or I would kill you all. Now, as thou art, with all thy monks, depart from here and never more return. Nor shalt thou take time to gather up food, or raiment. Go!" he pointed to the open doors.

With a gentle smile upon his face, Gervaise turned to his monks. "Come," he said, and without another word, they left the church.

Across the green meadow they went, to wander throughout the country. They carried with them a faith and a love so sweet, that their influence became even greater than it had been before, and everywhere they went, they were met with open arms by the Irish people.

SHANE O'NEILL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII. After Henry's death there was some dispute as to who should succeed to the throne. Her brother and her sister each reigned for a short time; then Elizabeth came into power.

At the time she was Queen of England, the most dangerous Irish foe that she had was Shane O'Neill, who lived in the north of Ireland. Time and again word was sent by the Queen to Sussex, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, to suppress this bold fighter and seize his lands. But time and again Shane proved too strong for the English forces. He held fiercely to his possessions, and demanded that England should acknowledge him as The O'Neill, lord of all Ulster.

At last, in the latter part of the year 1561 Shane, curious to see England and find out what kind of a woman Elizabeth was, anxious also to secure a favorable peace for himself, decided to go to the English court. He sent word that he was coming to England to make submission to the Queen. He said, however, that before he left Ireland, he must receive a promise that his life would be safe, and that the English forces in Ireland would make no attacks on Ulster while he was gone.

When Elizabeth received this message, she was overjoyed for she thought that if she could once gain submission from the greatest chief in Ulster, she would have her own way there.

It was on the thirtieth of December, 1561, that Shane,

pacing back and forth in the big hall of his castle, awaited a message from Sussex, telling him whether or not his conditions had been granted. It had been nearly a month since he had sent word of his desire, and he was beginning to be impatient of the delay. Late in the afternoon the expected messenger came galloping into the courtyard. Hastily opening the missive delivered into his hands, Shane read, "All thy conditions are granted. Thy personal safety, both going to England and coming back, is fully assured." The words were signed by Sussex.

"Good!" cried O'Neill. "Tomorrow we will celebrate the coming of the new year and the departure of Shane O'Neill for England. A feast shall be prepared."

A great feast was made ready, and to it were bidden all the neighboring chiefs who could be summoned in time. Glad were they to come: They respected Shane for his iron rule, and for the peace and order he was able to keep throughout the land. They admired him for his strength, and for his comely features, his flashing eyes, his love for fair play and just dealings. And though Shane at times was cruel and ungrateful, again there flashed forth sparks of gentler traits. At the feast, before he himself ate, he cut from the roast a large slice and sent it to some beggar at his gates saying, "'Tis meet to serve Our Lord first."

On the next morning he set sail across the seas for England.

If Shane was curious to see the Queen, she, too, was glad of an opportunity to meet him. On the morning that Shane came into her presence she was attended by all the high officials of the court, and by ambassadors from the King of Sweden and the Duke of Savoy. O'Neill stalked in, his saffron mantle sweeping round and round him, his hair curling on his back and clipped

short below the eyes, which gleamed from under it with a gray lustre. Behind him followed his men, bareheaded and fair-haired, with sheets of mail which reached their knees, a wolf skin flung across their shoulders, and short, broad battle axes in their hands. So haughtily did Shane bear himself, and with such great dignity, that one of the courtiers described him later as "O'Neill the Great, cousin of St. Patrick, friend to the Queen of England, enemy to all the world besides."

But although they were inclined to make fun of him in this way, the courtiers pretended to pay him respect. Queen Elizabeth, too, appeared to be friendly with Shane, but he could not get her to come to any terms with him. If he had but known it, her chief desire now that Shane was out of Ireland, was to keep him out, so that he could cause no more mischief there.

It was not long before O'Neill, who was shrewder than he was given credit for, saw that Elizabeth was playing with him, and putting him off. He grew angry, and one morning during an audience with her he said,

"Your Majesty, it seems we cannot come to terms. I wish to go back to Ireland. Therefore I pray thee, see that my return be brought about safely, as it was promised me before I left Ireland."

The Queen smiled.

"So? Thy safe return was indeed guaranteed. But the *time* when thou shouldst return was left unmentioned. Thou art, therefore, to remain here at court until we wish to release thee."

The courtiers laughed. But Shane was angry. Though he could do nothing at that time, bitter hatred grew in his heart, boding ill for his actions in the future when he should be free.

Seeing that there was no hope of escape, Shane re-

sorted to flattery. Elizabeth was vain. He sought her advice on every subject; he pretended that she gave him wiser counsel than anyone else; he praised her beauty; he asked that he might attend her favorite courtier, Sir Robert Dudley, and learn how to ride horseback in the English fashion; he even begged her to find an English wife for him. He soon gained her favor completely, for the Queen, though artful herself, was quite hoodwinked by his apparent devotion to her. At last, Shane actually gained permission to return to Ireland. Before he left he had to promise that he would be an obedient subject of the Queen, that he would subdue the Scots, aid England in wars against the natives, and tolerate the Queen's soldiers in his territory. In return, Elizabeth promised to recognize him as The O'Neill, lord of Ulster.

Shane had no intention of keeping his agreement. As chiefs before him had argued, "a forced promise is no promise at all." Besides, the Queen had not kept faith with him at court, and he was determined to pay her back. No sooner was he in Ulster than he acted as if he had made no agreement with her at all. He was no longer the subject of the Queen. Instead of opposing the Scots, he had them assist him, and he made war upon all those chiefs who had helped the English.

At last Elizabeth found that she would have to pacify this powerful chief if she wished to have any peace in Ireland at all. So she finally came to Shane's terms. He gained everything that he wished. The English troops were withdrawn from his territory, and the power of Shane O'Neill in Ulster was unquestioned.

HUGH ROE O'DONNELL

From the battlements of the castle prison at Dublin, four Irish youths gazed out upon the city. One of them, Red Hugh O'Donnell, was little more than a boy of eighteen. He held himself erect, his head thrown back. The wind blew his long black curls away from his forehead. His features were of noble cast, and in his deepset eyes there was a wistful expression as he thought of the green vales and laughing streams of Tyrconnel,[1] the home from which, as a lad of fourteen, he had been stolen by order of the English deputy. He recalled the haughty refusal of his dark-haired mother Ineen,[2] to surrender him as hostage to the English. Then his thoughts ran on to the night when, lured aboard a ship that had dropped anchor at Rathmullen, the hatches were closed down upon him and the ship set sail for Dublin. Hugh had been kidnapped.

For four years Red Hugh had been a prisoner. Knowing that all efforts would be made to set him free, he had daily looked forward to his release. But of late this hope had ceased to lighten the weary hours of watching and waiting. Red Hugh and his companions despairing of help from without spent their time planning to escape unaided.

"Didst get the rope, Kavanagh?" Hugh asked, turning to one of his companions.

"I did that," replied Kavanagh. "While the warden's

[1] Tyrconnel, teer' con' nel. [2] Ineen, in' een.

back was turned, I made off with it. 'Tis in my cell now, in the hole we dug for it."

"'Tis well," said Hugh. "Tonight we'll make our escape."

"Tonight!" The three spoke in low tones, but with excitement.

"Aye, tonight," said Hugh. "Thou knowest the guards think us well content here." He laughed scornfully. "They suspect nothing. We have not been troublesome prisoners! But tonight the moon sinks early. We will meet at twelve — Sh! — The warden comes."

That night the sun sank in a hazy west. Clouds swept across the sky. There was no moon at all, nor stars. It was a perfect night for flight — dark and windy.

Midnight found the four Irish lads at the farthest battlement of the tower. One by one they stealthily lowered themselves. At length they stood, safe for a time, at the inner end of the bridge which stretched across the moat. They held their breath at every sound. The slightest misstep might destroy their long-looked-for chance of freedom. The wind howled fiercely about the turrets. The guards were within the watch room close by, and Hugh, stealing toward the door, which was closed, stretched the chain across it and fastened it tight with a small block of wood. With the guards securely locked within, the four youths hastened across the moat.

Still there was danger ahead, for the city which lay before them was guarded by English sentries. Southeast they set their faces, towards the hills of Wicklow. There safety was assured.

They pushed boldly onward, separated but well in view of each other. From time to time they came into the feeble glimmer of oil lamps swung on a cord across

the streets. Nobody spoke to them, nor seemed surprised to see them, for it was not unusual for wayfarers to be about at night in the streets of Dublin. Unhailed they finally reached the city gate. It was open and they passed out beyond the city walls.

The way now was a long and weary one. Hugh, confined so long in prison without exercise, suffered from fatigue. The rugged hills and glens of Wicklow were too much for him. Finally, he fell exhausted to the ground.

"Press on," he begged his comrades. "'Twere far better that you should survive to carry news of my fate. Besides, you may find a chance of sending aid to me. Perhaps there is a castle even now within a mile or two."

Thus urged, Hugh's three companions went ahead. Nor had they gone far when they came to Castle Kevin, the residence of Felim O'Toole. They left word here to send relief to Hugh, and then, fearing recapture, proceeded on their way.

Soon Hugh was rescued by O'Toole's men. What to do next was then the burning question at Castle Kevin. For though O'Toole was Red Hugh's friend, still he lived so near the Pale that he owed loyalty to the English government.

"I have it!" cried his wife, ready to get her husband out of a difficulty, as most wives are. "Send one messenger to Dublin saying that Red Hugh is here. Let this messenger be slow, and meanwhile send a swift courier to Feagh O'Byrne at Glenmalure to come and rescue this youth, who is his kin."

"Thy counsel is indeed wise," said the husband, and thus the messengers were directed.

When the news reached O'Byrne, there was arming in hot haste, and the brave clansmen were soon on their way to Castle Kevin.

Back in Dublin a hue and cry had been raised on the discovery of the prisoners' escape. Along the country roads soldiers, like bloodhounds on the trail, woke the echoes of the hills with ringing summons to the country folk. All were called to join in the pursuit.

At Castle Kevin there was keen suspense. A life was hanging in the balance, and anxious hearts were waiting for relief.

Swiftly the two bands, one to rescue and one to recapture, were converging on Castle Kevin. Patriotism urged forward the men of Glenmalure. Onward they swept along the hills, through the glens, by paths known only to these bold warriors. They reached the vale of Claragh. Alas! The river Avonmore rolled a brimming flood, impassable. While their horses champed on the further side of the Avonmore, the English came dashing into the courtyard at Castle Kevin and carried young Hugh back to the grim dungeon at Dublin.

BATTLE OF THE YELLOW FORD

Another weary year of imprisonment was the fate of Red Hugh, and this time they bound him with iron fetters in order to make escape impossible.

But O'Byrne was not unforgetful of Hugh. He sent a trusty follower to take service as horseboy in the Castle so that he might assist Hugh in one more effort to escape. One day the horseboy slipped into Hugh's hands a file concealed in a strip of linen which was intended for clothing.

It was Christmas Day, 1591. Red Hugh had just finished filing through the iron bonds that fettered himself and his companion, Arthur O'Neill. With joy in his heart he planned with Arthur the best way of securing freedom. Tearing the linen into strips, they tied the pieces together. Using this as a rope, they let themselves down into a trench. Then they crept along the side of the Castle until they came to the moat. There they stripped and swam across. The faithful horseboy was waiting on the other side with clothes and heavy boots.

Through the dark and rainy night the three set out together. Fierce gusts of wind swept across the hills. The rain turned into snow, and they could scarcely see where they were going. Before long, Arthur, who had been injured in escaping from the Castle, became exhausted.

"Have courage," cried Hugh. "We will help thee." The horseboy on one side and Hugh on the other supported Arthur for some distance further. At last Arthur

fell and Hugh refused to go on without him. Then the horseboy kept on alone to Glenmalure to bring O'Byrne's men word of Red Hugh's plight. The men were waiting for news, for they had learned that escape was to be attempted. Instantly a rescuing party was sent out. The snow had fallen deep, and it was hard to find the place where Hugh and Arthur were lying. Slowly the hours went by. At length they found them. Arthur O'Neill was dead, and Red Hugh was almost frozen.

When news of Red Hugh O'Donnell's escape and safety spread throughout Ulster, there was great rejoicing for it was hoped that he would join forces with Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and defeat the English. And so it came about.

For some time, Hugh O'Neill had been stirring up rebellion among the Irish chiefs. In the year 1598 matters came to a crisis, for the Queen, hearing of the uprising, gave orders to her forces to proceed against the Irish.

As a result, the Battle of the Yellow Ford, ever memorable in the annals of Ireland, was fought on the 14th of August, 1598.

Taking his position, Hugh O'Neill had trenches dug all about him. In order to conceal the heaps of dirt thrown up, he had them covered with sods and branches. At a pass, through which the enemy was forced to advance, he stationed five hundred men.

Securely fortified, O'Neill and O'Donnell waited the approach of the enemy. Passing up and down the trenches, the Irish chiefs inspired courage in the breasts of their men.

"Victory alone," cried O'Neill, "will save you all from the vengeance of an unsparing hand. There are fetters for the captives—fetters and banishment to lands beyond the sea. It is easier to defend your tribal lands

against these foreign people than to take the lands of other tribes when you have been driven out of your own."

So he spoke, and then the bard of O'Donnell sang thus:

"A prophecy of old saith 'At the Yellow Ford
A foreign race will meet defeat
By Irish armies under Hugh O'Neill.'
So let your hope be high, your courage strong,
For at the Yellow Ford the Irish now,
With Hugh O'Neill as chief, give battle to
A foreign race. The time foretold has come.
Fight well, for victory must be yours!"

At dawn the Irish drums sounded the advance. In the sweet, still morning the forces of the Queen under General Bagenall marched forth to battle, drums beating, banners flying, swords clinking.

On both sides of them were woods and marshes. The English were showered with bullets, but they advanced without flinching. They carried the first line of entrenchments. Just beyond they were furiously assailed by the Irish and driven back. Disaster after disaster fell upon the English. A spark from a soldier's matchlock exploded a cask of ammunition. Other barrels caught fire and many were killed by the explosions. Bagenall, raising his visor, was struck in the forehead by a bullet, and fell dead.

As the Irish pressed forward, the English fell back, and finally sought shelter in Armagh. Then the Irish laid siege to Armagh, until at last the English were forced to surrender.

Baggage, arms and ammunition were given up in return for permission to go back unmolested to the Pale. Thus for the two noble Irish chieftains, O'Donnell and O'Neill, the prophecy had been fulfilled. Great was the rejoicing in Ulster when news came of this victory.

THE PLANTATION OF ULSTER

1573

One of Queen Elizabeth's greatest desires had been to see English laws and English customs prevail throughout Ireland. In order to bring this about she had deprived the native Irish of their lands and then had given to her English favorites the territory from which the Irish had been driven. This placing of Englishmen upon the soil of Ulster is known as the Ulster Plantation.

Among Elizabeth's courtiers was a young knight by the name of Sir Thomas Smith. He was a loyal subject of the Queen. Elizabeth, to help him make his fortune, gave him a large tract of land on the northeastern coast of Ireland which belonged to O'Neill of Clannaboy. She also provided him with men, arms, and money to carry out his expedition.

One golden day in autumn, O'Neill of Clannaboy was out in his courtyard waiting for his men to gather before they started off for the hunt. His horses champed at their bits — his dogs barked and strained at their leashes, eager for the chase to begin.

O'Neill stretched out his arms and threw back his head rejoicing in the beauty of the day, the joy of being alive, the well-ordered condition of his estate. One by one the men came from their early morning duties to join the hunting party.

Scarcely were they mounted when they heard a faint halloo behind them. Turning, they saw in the distance

a solitary figure on horseback, spurring his horse forward as if anxious to arrive before they left. A messenger came seldom in those days, so the whole company drew up their steeds to await his arrival. Almost exhausted, he delivered his letter into the hands of O'Neill.

The chieftain tore it open. As he read, his face grew dark, his eyes flashed, and when he had finished he tore it angrily into pieces and threw it on the ground.

"What think you?" he cried. "A man — an Englishman who calls himself Sir Thomas Smith — wishes to inform me that he has come to live on my land, that the Queen has granted him a part of my property, that we shall be near neighbors, and, he hopes, 'good friends,' that he proposes to teach me virtue, and respect for the Queen. Virtue!" he repeated mockingly. "I am to be taught virtue by a robber — a thief." His men murmured angrily. "There will be no hunt today," he continued. "And you" — he turned to the messenger, "I will give you a new horse, for you cannot take back my answer too quickly. Tell this bold Englishman he advances at the risk of his life. We will not have him here. If he values himself and his men, he had best take the next ship for England. I and my men defy him."

It was not many days before news came to Clannaboy that the English, in spite of O'Neill's defiance, were approaching. With anger and vengeance in their hearts, the men of Clannaboy prepared to meet them.

The Irish strength was greater than Smith had reckoned on. In the battle which followed, they proved themselves unconquerable. Smith was killed, his arms and provisions were seized, and his men were driven back.

After this, plantations by the English were tried several times. But during the reign of Elizabeth, they were never very successful in Ulster.

1603

When James I became King of England in 1603, the rule of the English in Ireland was stronger than it had been in Elizabeth's reign. Ulster was still a rebellious district. But even in Ulster, there was land which had been taken over by the English. James determined that the whole of Ulster should be in English hands. In order to do this, the land was divided into twenty-eight precincts. Most of this was given over to the English and Scotch, called "Undertakers," that is, men who were to take the land and control it.

In Fermanagh[1] the Maguires held vast tracts of land along the shores of Lough Erne. For some time there had been rumors that this land was to be taken from them by the English. These rumors were borne out by the fact that many of their neighbors had been forced to give up their lands.

Maguire called a council of his chiefs.

"What shall be done," he asked. "We have not the forces to withstand the English. We have none upon whom we can call for help. Everyone is fighting for himself."

Then one of the chiefs said, "It might avail somewhat to have a lawyer plead for us. If the English cannot be overcome by force, perchance they will listen to reason. For a lawyer can explain that the Maguires have not taken arms against the English, that they have come into their lands by inheritance, and that, by all the laws of justice, they should be left in peace."

So it was done. But Sir John Davies, Commissioner from England, made a harsh, ironical reply.

[1] Fermanagh, Fĕr mă′ nä.

"Your Irish law is null and void. You have no legal records. Besides you have not improved your property. Many of you wander aimlessly from farm to farm. Thus you admit that you are not sure of your holdings. The King is free to dispose of all your lands in law, in conscience, and in honor."

It was useless to resist. The Maguires were forced to submit because they were helpless. The English and Scotch were put in possession of their new estates.

Like the Maguires, other Irish families had to abandon the green fields that they loved. Many of the swordsmen most feared by the English were seized and shipped away to Sweden. Others of the Irish wandered homeless in sight of the homes and fields once their own. Many died from starvation and exposure. English rulers changed from time to time, but the persecution of the Irish people continued.

1625

"The King is dead. Long live the King!" was the cry of the Irish when news came to them of the death of James I and the succession of Charles. The name of Charles, the young King of England, revived in them hopes that had been almost crushed by persecutions of the former rulers.

But they reckoned without Lord Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

Wentworth looked upon the whole of Ireland as a conquered country belonging to the King of England.

About the same time that he was sent to be lord-lieutenant of Ireland, a large number of persons came from England, partly in quest of adventure, partly in search of land and possessions. Among these and other

Englishmen, Wentworth began to parcel out land as he saw fit.

In many cases the Irish had bought back the land which had been given to the "planters" before. Unfortunately, these Irish could not prove by English law their right to the land. For, though they thought their purchases had been recorded and that their titles were clear, they now found that frequently no mention of it had been made in the Court annals.

Again they were turned out of house and home; again their lands were seized and given to English and Scotch "planters." Even in cases where they could prove their ownership, men were bribed to swear that the records were incorrect. Thus, in course of time, the "Planters" became well-nigh supreme in Ulster.

OWEN ROE O'NEILL

No nation under the sun loved law and justice more dearly than the Irish, but they were also quick to resent misrule and injustice.

The natives of Ulster soon learned that, no matter how law-abiding they were, they could not hope for justice. Their green fields were given over to strangers. Some who had once been prosperous had nothing left but a patch of land; others were forced into exile. Bitterness grew in every heart. From Bann to Ballyshannon every Irishman was filled with rage.

In July, 1641, Owen Roe O'Neill arrived in Ulster. He was nephew of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, who, some time after the Battle of the Yellow Ford, had been driven to exile in Europe. Owen was a warrior, the greatest of the Irish abroad, and the hope of the Irish at home. On his arrival in Ulster he was hailed as their deliverer and made commander-in-chief of the forces in Ulster.

After assembling his forces he kept out of the enemy's way, refusing to fight until his army was well trained. His preparations went on for three toilsome years. During this time he fought an occasional battle, but he was saving his strength for a great victory.

Robert Munroe, leader of the English and Scotch forces, wished to meet O'Neill and give him battle. So he planned to join forces with his brother George Munroe at Glaslough and march against O'Neill.

O'Neill knew that the combined troops would be too much for him, and so he determined to attack each sepa-

rately. With his men he set out for Benburb. There, on the 4th of June, 1646, he pitched camp. Sending the cavalry to intercept George Munroe, he waited for Robert with the rest of his men. He did not have long to wait, for Robert had already reached Armagh and was now about to cross the Blackwater. Every time he tried to cross, the Irish drove him back. Down the right bank of the river he and his men had to go, while on the opposite side they were followed by O'Neill and his soldiers.

O'Neill let him cross the river at Caledon. Once over, the English were eager to fight. Slowly the Irish fell back until O'Neill had his forces just where he wanted them. On his left was the River Oona, which protected him from attack on that side; on the right was a marshy bog, and in front was a hill covered with scraggly trees and low thick bushes. There he arranged his forces with four divisions in front and three behind.

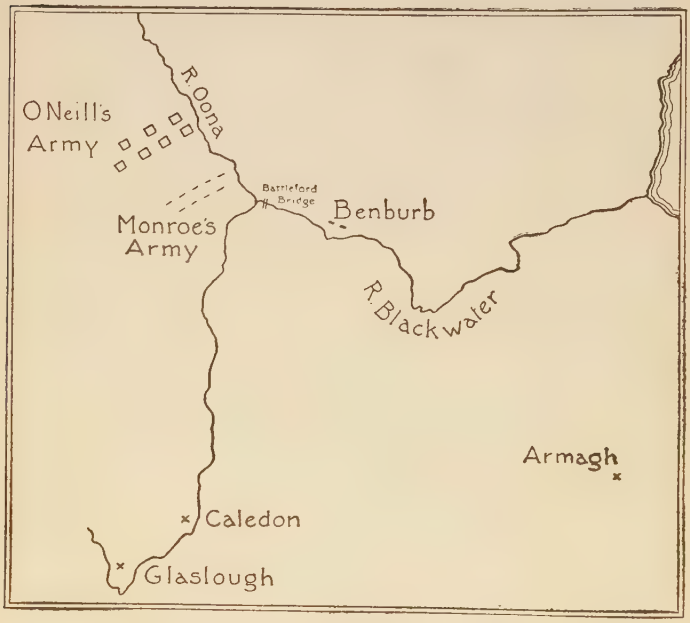
The English, who believed all the time that the Irish were retreating, were surprised to see them halt. Suspecting attack, Munroe took up his position in the angle made by the meeting of the Oona with the Blackwater. There he drew up his army in nine divisions, five in front, four behind. He had more men than O'Neill and was supported with artillery.

For three hours or more Munroe waited attack. But O'Neill was shrewd. He had tired the English out by a long march — now he wanted to irritate them by making them wait. He delayed his attack for other reasons too. The sun was shining in the face of the Irish, the wind was against them, and the cavalry sent against George Munroe had not returned. While he was waiting, O'Neill rode up and down in front of his men encouraging them.

"Be ready. Be brave!" he cried. "Remember, these

are the English and the Scotch who have driven you from your lands, burned your houses, scoffed at your religion, and sent into exile those who were dear to you."

His words aroused his men. They cried aloud for vengeance, and crowded forward eager for the fight.



Battle of Benburb, July 5, 1646.

"Wait," he urged. "The time will soon be favorable for attack. But not now. We are outnumbered. Before we strike, let us at least have the elements with us."

"He's right, as always," growled one soldier in the foremost line.

"Aye — and 'tis not from cowardice that he stays us

now," replied another. "When the charge is made, he will be at the head."

"'Tis true, 'tis true," said a third. "He is a valorous soldier; a true Irishman. Our wrongs are his. We'll trust him to the end.

"Listen. He is speaking again."

"The word for attack," said O Neill, "is Sancta Maria. When that cry goes down the line, you are to charge. Give not fire until you are within pike's length. Remember that you fight for God and your country."

It was seven o'clock when O'Neill's cavalry came into camp. They had met the forces of George Munroe and had put them to flight. At seven the setting sun was shining full in the face of the English. Then at last, down along the line went the cry "Sancta Maria! Sancta Maria! Charge for the old land!"

With a wild hurrah the whole army crashed forward like an avalanche. The enemy was thrown into confusion. Instead of being a protection, the river on either side of them proved to be a barrier. They were hemmed into the angle and could not escape. The front line was forced back, and the spaces between the divisions were so small that those behind could not get through.

Great was the havoc made with sword and pike and cutlass. The Irish victory was complete. Munroe fled to Lisburn without hat or cloak, leaving more than three thousand of his men dead on the field. Arms, stores, colors and provisions fell into the hands of O'Neill. The Irish lost but seventy.

PATRICK SARSFIELD

When James II came to the throne of England, he sought to restore the Catholic religion. The English people rebelled, and invited William, Prince of Orange, to take the throne. All the Irish Catholics took the side of James.

War between the two claimants to the throne began in Ireland in 1689. William was by far the better general. He was brave, courageous, skilful, wise. James was exactly the opposite. It was due largely to his cowardice, his inaction, his selfishness that, in the beginning, the Irish lost so much ground, and were defeated in the Battle of the Boyne. After the battle, James hastened to Dublin, where he told the Duchess of Tyrconnell that the Irish had shamefully run away. To this the lady replied, "But Your Majesty seems to have won the race!" The retort was just.

After that James fled to France and, for a time at least, the command of the Irish forces was in the hands of Patrick Sarsfield, a brilliant and daring general.

On Saturday, the 9th of August, 1690, in Limerick,[1] the town chosen by the Irish for their last great stand against William, the citizens were working feverishly to complete their defenses. The walls were being strengthened, the houses barricaded, the stores of powder and ammunition collected, the women and children removed to places of safety. As the sun sank in the west, a feeling of gloom seemed to settle upon the brave defenders.

[1] See map under "Siege of Limerick," the next story.

Only part of the work had been done — and even now William, with his united army, was lying encamped just outside the city. Lauzun, the French general who had deserted the Irish cause, had said that the city walls could be battered down with roasted apples. Tired from their work, disappointed at the early arrival of William, fearful of the outcome of a battle against such odds, the defenders feared that Lauzun might be right. They were almost ready to surrender. Even the heart of Sarsfield, the courageous, sank as he thought of the terrible suffering that must come. He was sitting in his room thinking and planning. A candle flickered over the maps that lay stretched before him. Frowning a little, he marked with a peg the positions in the town which were weak. They were many and the store of guns and ammunition was small.

It was almost midnight when he was interrupted by the appearance at his door of two guards. Between them was a soldier dressed in the garb of William's men.

"What is this?" asked Sarsfield, in surprise.

"A deserter, sir," replied one of the guards. "A Frenchman. He says that he has information to impart."

Sarsfield looked at the man keenly. He was without gun or weapon of any kind. "Leave him with me," he said.

Releasing their prisoner, the two guards withdrew.

"Well?" said the general when they were gone. "Why are you here?"

"Sir, I have seen you, seen how brave you are, how your men love you. I would serve you — and I have news." The man's eyes flashed, and his face was eager.

"What is it?" asked Sarsfield.

"The King — he has no guns, no powder. He thinks that you will surrender quickly, that he will need no

ammunition. But there comes a train — a siege train — from Dublin. If you go now — or tomorrow maybe — you can stop it. It will make a difference. It will give you more time."

The color mounted to Sarsfield's face. Then he said sternly,

"How do I know that you speak the truth?"

The man's face fell. "I do not lie," he said. "Keep me, and if I lie you can kill me."

He was so earnest that Sarsfield could no longer doubt. As a protection, however, he turned the man over to the guards again. With renewed hope he went back to his maps and plans.

In the morning he spread the news about the city, and during the day he made hasty preparation for the expedition. That night, after dark, he quietly crossed Thomond Bridge with five hundred picked horsemen and rode along the River Shannon to the ford at Killaloe. The English had neglected it, thinking it too deep for crossing. But nothing could stop Sarsfield and he plunged in, his men after him. It was not long before they were all on the other side in the hills about Silvermines. There they rested, hidden in the mountains and glens, while Sarsfield sent scouts southward for news.

When night came the scouts returned to camp, and went immediately to Sarsfield's tent. They were in high spirits, for they had seen the enemy.

"Two miles beyond the village of Cullen," they reported, "the enemy have halted for the night. Their sentinels are on guard, but the rest of them sleep. Their tents are scattered about the greensward; their horses are turned out to graze. They suspect nothing."

Scarcely had they finished their report when another of their number returned.

"What think you!" he cried. "I found a woman — the wife of an English soldier. She had lost her way. Before I would let her go, I got from her the watchword. It is —"

"What? What?" they cried in excitement.

"Sarsfield!"

"Sarsfield?" said the general. "Sarsfield! How strange. But withal a good omen. You have done well, men. Let us now make ready to go forward."

Refreshed after a day of rest, the Irish horsemen were ready for a midnight ride. It was twelve o'clock when they set out. At two o'clock they had arrived at Cullen. Just beyond the village they came upon some outlying sentinels, but, by giving the password, they excited no suspicion. Quietly and cautiously they rode. It was not long before, in the dim moonlight, they saw the encampment lying before them.

At that moment a sentinel, startled at the sight of so many horsemen, called out for the password.

Raising his sword, the Irish leader cried out, "Sarsfield is the word — and Sarsfield is the man!" The whole party dashed in on the encampment.

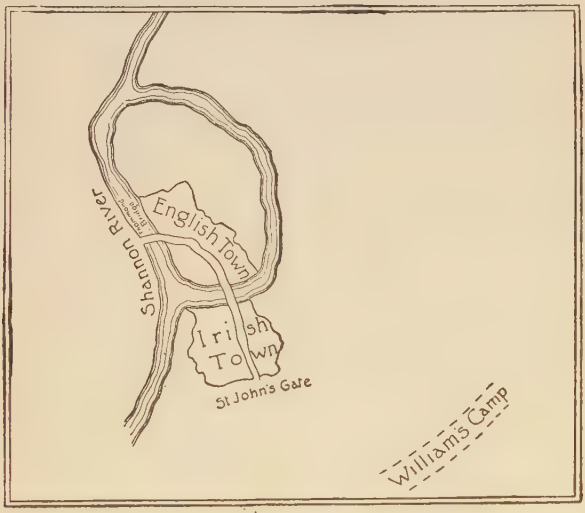
Roused by the noise and by the tardy bugle alarm, the sleeping English hastily snatched their weapons. It was too late. Those who resisted were cut down. The rest took flight.

Cullen was only twelve miles from the rear of William's army. Knowing that he would be pursued, Sarsfield realized that it would be impossible to take the guns to Limerick with him. They must be destroyed therefore, and there was not a moment to lose. The cannon and guns were crammed with powder, and the muzzles plunged into the ground. The ammunition carts were dragged around them, the provisions were thrown onto the pile;

the powder was scattered over the whole great heap. Laying a long fuse, Sarsfield and his men withdrew. When they were at a safe distance, the fuse was lighted. There was a dazzling flash, a mighty roar: and the whole heavens blazed red with the burning ammunition. The brightness was seen from William's camp. Then indeed there was hot pursuit. But it was too late. Sarsfield and his men, recrossing the river, returned to Limerick in triumph.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK

When Sarsfield entered Limerick on Tuesday morning with news of his victory, there was great rejoicing, for now the English attack would have to be postponed.



LIMERICK

By a branch of the River Shannon, Limerick was divided into two parts, the English Town and the Irish Town. It was a beautiful city. Castles and churches towered over the stately, well built houses. A wall enclosed it on the east side. On the west the only approach was by Thomond Bridge across the River Shannon.

William was determined to take it, in spite of the loss of his ammunition, so he sent to Waterford for more powder and guns, and continued the siege. For a week longer, the citizens of Limerick awaited attack, and all that time they spent repairing the walls.

The 27th of August, 1690, was a hot sultry day. The air was muggy and damp, for the rainy season was near at hand.

From his outlook on a wall tower, an Irish guardsman gazed listlessly down at William's camp. Everything seemed quiet. But as he watched, there was a stir. Men came from their tents bearing something on their shoulders. Might they be guns? The guard came to attention, his listless manner gone. He watched eagerly, breathlessly. The men were gathering in groups and stooping toward the ground. That seemed curious behavior for soldiers. Then he saw that what they carried were not guns but shovels. The men were digging trenches.

In sudden panic the watchman darted from the tower, and dashed through the streets of the city to Boileau, the French Governor-General, who was in conference with Sarsfield.

In less time than it takes to tell, detachments were ordered out, the towers were filled with sharpshooters, and William's men were peppered with shot. Still all day and all night for ten days relays of men continued digging.

At length the besiegers were within a few feet of the city. They trained their guns upon the walls. Shot after shot shattered the towers. No longer having a place from which to shoot, the Irish were obliged to cease firing. They crowded to the walls, desperate. They filled great sacks with wool and, tying them onto

long ropes, tossed them over the walls so that they might dangle on the outside and deaden the balls that came crashing against them.

The heat was oppressive. Up and down the streets rode Sarsfield, cheering, encouraging, inspiring every man by his own strength and valor.

"Look out! look out!" rang out the cry, as a ball came crashing through into the city itself. The first hole in the wall had been made. Gradually it grew larger and larger.

Suddenly there was a lull. In the midst of the dreadful silence, the roar of the three great guns sounded in the ears of the Irish. With a loud cry, Boileau and Sarsfield rushed to the front.

"Now is the time, men," they shouted. "Courage. For your wives and your children, for God and your country, fight! Fight!" The cry ran through the streets, "Fight! Fight!" and the brave body of Irishmen, grasping their muskets tightly in their hands, stood firm as the army of William rushed in through the breach in the wall. Cannon crashed, and small shot spluttered through the air. The noise was terrible. The scorching skies seemed rent asunder.

Before the terrible onslaught, the Irishmen fell back. The streets were filled with dead and wounded. Masses of men kept crowding through the breach in the wall. Hand to hand they fought and few were spared from death.

In the very front ranks of the Irish, women and children were heroic in their desperation. They hurled sticks and stones and whatever came to hand into the face of the enemy. Hour after hour the conflict raged. The rattle of arms, the roar of cannon never ceased. The city was veiled in dust and smoke.

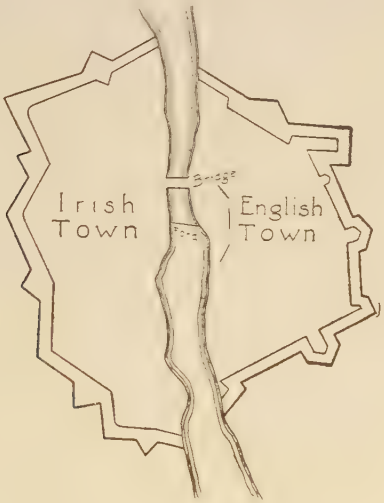
At last the brave defense was rewarded. The English yielded, turned; then, in headlong confusion, they rushed back through the breach to their camp. Over two thousand English lay dead in Limerick — of the Irish less than one thousand.

Disheartened by their losses, worn out by the sultry weather and the awful heat, the English raised the siege and marched away.

It was a wonderful victory. For three weeks the defenders of Limerick, almost without arms and ammunition, had held the city against an army superior to their own in numbers and in training and led by a general who up to this time had never known the meaning of defeat.

ATHLONE

Within Athlone the Irish army, firm
Though few, were waiting for attack. St. Ruth
Brave, — but conceited, haughty, cruel, — was in
Command, and Sarsfield, skilful, cool, well-loved
By all the soldiers, was his second.



ATHLONE

Against Athlone came eighteen thousand men
Of England under Ginkle. The
City walls could not withstand the heavy
Guns. A breach was made, and, though four hundred

Irish bravely rushed to its defense, their
Strength was futile 'gainst the thousands that poured in.
They were forced back across the bridge that spanned
The River Shannon, to the Irish Town.

On came the English. Cannon roared and blazed,
And shot and shell flew thick and fast until
Athlone seemed but a blazing pile of ruins.
And yet, the Irishmen stood brave and true,
Nor did one turn to flee; for still the bridge
Was theirs, — the enemy could not advance.

Night came. The firing did not cease. The skies
Gleamed bright as day. The bridge was nearly shattered.
Then, as night turned into dawn, a cry
Rang out along the Irish ranks, "Watch out!
The bridge!" and turning, they beheld men
Laying planks across the broken arches.

Terror struck to every heart. What then?
Ah! from the front line one great hero cried
"Come! to the bridge! The city must be saved.
Come, come men! If we die, 'twill be for
Country, home, and children. Follow me!"
A sergeant dashed upon the tottering bridge.

Thrilled by his words, ten followed him. On both
Sides, suddenly a breathless hush of
Admiration, wonder, fell; but for a
Moment only. As they ripped the planks
Away, the English opened fire; and when the
Smoke had cleared, those few brave men lay dead.

But still the Irish were not daunted. Still
Upon the bridge, red with the blood of kinsmen,

Others rushed. Men fought and died. Again, and
Yet again they tore the planks away. And
All the while the English fire was merciless.
At last, faced by such wond'rous heroism,
Ginkle gave up hope of ent'ring by the
Bridge. St. Ruth, well pleased, relaxed his vigilance.

Below the bridge, by sixty feet, the Shannon
Rolls quite shallow; still so deep and swift
A man would find it difficult to pass.
Here Sarsfield would have stationed men to guard.
St. Ruth but scoffed, and said, "The passage
Is impossible. Athlone is safe."

And so the Irish camp was left almost
Unguarded. Ginkle heard of this. That night
With volunteers, bold, desperate, courageous,
Through the River Shannon at the ford
He passed. Nor did he meet resistance.
Guards were slack. In half an hour the town was his.

Sad, such a fate, and needless; sad the
Futile valor of those chivalric men the day before;
Those men, unnamed, who died upon the bridge
That they might save a city, lost the
Next day by a careless general, too
Vain to listen to wise words and sage advice

THE PENAL LAWS

Although unfortunate at Athlone, the Irish, undaunted, made another final stand at Limerick.

For weeks they were bombarded by the English until it looked as if the city would finally be destroyed. Still they would not surrender.

The English disheartened at such resistance, concluded to make terms if they could.

The Irish Catholics were quite ready to accept peace, if they could do so honorably. Accordingly both sides entered into an agreement, and in October, 1691, the Treaty of Limerick was signed.

By the terms of the Treaty, the Irish Catholics were promised complete freedom of worship.

It was further agreed that the Irish soldiers should enter the service of the King of England, or leave the country. Most of them chose to sail away with Sarsfield and became soldiers in the armies of France.

Poor Ireland was prostrate. Her brave men were serving in the armies of the stranger and there were none left to insist upon the observance of the Treaty. Laws more severe than ever were directed against the Catholics. Many of the Protestants were indignant at this breach of faith, but they were powerless. The reins of government were in the hands of men eager to see the Catholics oppressed.

From now on the Catholics had no legal rights whatever. A Catholic could hold no office. Indeed, in the eyes of the law, there was no such person as a Catholic.

His land, his house, his animals, could be taken from him and he and his family turned out of doors. If his wife or children turned Protestant, he had no more control over them. At his death he could not leave his property to anyone but a Protestant.

Education was denied the Catholics, for no Catholic could be a teacher and no Catholic could attend a Protestant school.

Having deprived Catholics of any voice in the government, and of any opportunity for education, Parliament now tried to take from them the privilege of practicing their religion. In order to do this, the priests were forbidden to celebrate Mass and a new sport was invented called "priest hunting." Magistrates and law officers were paid to ferret them out. The priests were in constant danger of their life.

The Catholics, however, remained steadfast. Poor and oppressed, but brave, true, and loyal, the Irish held firmly to their ancient faith.

HENRY GRATTAN AND THE UNION

As year after year went by the laws of England became more oppressive. Trade laws were passed, so severe that they brought poverty and misery to Ireland. It seemed to many as if home rule would be her only salvation.

With Henry Grattan as their leader, many of the Protestants united with the Catholics in an effort to secure freedom, and at last, in the year 1782, they obtained from England permission to set up an Irish Parliament of their own.

Conditions in Ireland improved greatly during the period of self government. There was an advance in trade, in agriculture and in industry. Nevertheless, Grattan's Parliament did not turn out so well as had been expected. Because the Catholics were not allowed to become members of Parliament, the vast majority of Irishmen were not represented in the government at all. A second cause for complaint lay in the fact that seats in Parliament could be bought and sold.

Grattan and others realized the injustice of this, but they said,

"We cannot expect everything at once. Now that we have the government in our own hands we can surely make it better, even if we do it slowly."

But it was harder to bring about reform than they thought. For a long time, the Protestants and the Catholics had been on friendly terms, because they both felt that they were being ill-treated by England. "Now," the Catholics said, "the Protestants could give us more

power if they wished. They could relieve our poverty by more generous laws. Still they keep everything in their own hands. Still the laws are unfair to us."

While the Irish were discussing religious rights, the English were plotting to deprive them of the civil liberties so recently won. In 1799, the English Parliament devised a plan for uniting the Irish and the English Parliaments. By this plan Irishmen would no longer have a part in making their own laws. Instead, a few of them would go to England and advise with the English Parliament concerning the laws for their country.

In order to bring about this Union, the Irish Parliament would have to vote to abolish itself.

William Pitt was the father of this scheme, and he determined to carry it through. Knowing that nearly all the Irish would oppose the idea of Union, Pitt instructed Cornwallis, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, to see that a big majority of the members were bribed to vote for Union.

Cornwallis went among the officials and dismissed all those whom he found opposed to the Union. Then, with thousands of pounds of gold and silver received from England, he gave pensions, titles, peerages and bribes of all sorts to those who would promise to vote as he wished.

In the meantime the friends of Ireland who were working against the Union centered all their hopes on Henry Grattan. It was he who had won legislative freedom for them, and it was he who must keep it. He was no longer a member of Parliament, but it was necessary that he have a seat there on the 15th of January, 1800. That was the day when the question of Union was coming up for discussion.

It was the 14th of January, and still the friends of

Grattan had not been able to get a seat for him. Hour after hour went by and the fear of failure was in their hearts. Then came the news that there was one seat vacant. The representative from Wicklow had not been elected.

It was late. There was no time to be lost. Getting permission from the sheriff to hold the election at midnight, Grattan's friends secured for him the seat as representative from Wicklow.

At ten o'clock the next morning they came in large numbers to Grattan's home. Grattan was ill, almost to the point of death. Their appearance was a surprise to him.

"What is it? What is the clamor about?" he cried to his wife as she came to him with the message of his friends.

"To the House?" he said querulously as she told him. "Cannot they even let me die in peace?"

"But 'tis for the cause. The country needs you. Put on your uniform and go."

"Well — I will then. Curse the scoundrel who first conceived this false idea of Union."

"Here, your pistols," his wife cried handing them to him as he stepped through the doorway. "Perchance some loyalist will seek your life while you are on your way. And yet," she murmured as she watched him depart, supported on both sides by friends, "you could not give your life in a more noble cause."

The House was in the midst of its discussion when the doors were flung back to receive Grattan and the little company of ardent patriots. A long, loud cheer rang out from the galleries as, weak, exhausted, and almost tottering, Grattan, still supported on either side, made his way to his seat.

HENRY GRATTAN

A few moments later, he rose to address the House. His features were thinner and sharper than ever before, his face was pale, his hands trembling. He was so weak that he had to gain the permission of the House to sit while speaking.

At first his voice could scarcely be heard. But as he went on, there came back to him the memory of old days, the victories he had won, the foes he had overcome. A flush came into his cheeks, his voice grew strong, and looking about him at a room more crowded than ever before with enemies, he completely regained his strength, and his tremendous power of speech. Argument after argument he hurled at them. He assailed them at every point. He crushed their every plea for Union. The galleries went wild with enthusiasm.

If anyone could have saved the Irish Parliament at this time, Grattan was the man. But the forces of bribery and corruption were too great, even for him. The vote of the House had been bought and sold. Cornwallis had done his work all too well. The motion was made and carried to abolish the Irish Parliament, and to send to England as representatives in the English Parliament about one hundred Irishmen.

Though Henry Grattan felt the greatest anguish at this act of Union, still in that sad hour of Ireland's history there was prophecy and hope in his eloquent words:

"I do not give up my country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips the spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty.

> 'Thou art not conquered: Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there.'

"While a plank of the vessel stands together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of the wind; I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom. faithful to her fall."

ROBERT EMMET AND REBELLION

Among those who could not become reconciled to the Union between England and Ireland was a young Irish patriot named Robert Emmet. Though scarcely twenty-two years old at the time, his heart was hot with resentment.

Determined to set his country free, he made plans for a rebellion. It was not hard to find others ready for the same enterprise.

For nearly three years, with headquarters at Dublin, he plotted secretly. All his own fortune he spent in purchasing arms and ammunition.

At length July 23, 1803, was set for the attack. The castle of the lord-lieutenant was to be seized and a new government was to be set up at once.

It was eight o'clock on the evening of July 23. Robert Emmet, his slender, erect figure clad in regimentals of green and white and gold, paced back and forth in his little room in Butterfield Lane in Dublin, where he had taken lodgings. He was anxiously awaiting the moment when word should come that reinforcements had arrived; when he could give the order for attack. His eyes sparkled with excitement. Occasionally he lifted his hand to brush back, impatiently, the lock of black hair that fell over his broad, high forehead.

Minute after minute passed by, and still the news he waited for did not come. At every sound of footsteps he turned anxiously, and at each false alarm his agitation

became greater. The fate of Ireland hung in the balance. What had happened to detain the men he expected?

It was nine o'clock when the door to his room was burst open. In rushed a follower of his named Quigley.

"The government soldiers are upon us," he cried. "They have wind of the uprising. The men from Wicklow, from Wexford, from Kildare — there are no signs, no word of them. What's to be done?"

In a moment Emmet took in the situation, and his heart was sore and bitter as he realized that his dream was ended. The cause for which he had been working, planning, struggling, was lost. Without a word he took his sword and set out on foot through the streets of Dublin.

Nothing could be done. The uprising fast dwindled into a riot. Everything had gone wrong. The arms were not ready. Orders had been misunderstood or disobeyed. No help had arrived. The only wise thing to do was to beat a quick retreat. Perhaps with more time plans could be straightened out, men and arms again collected, freedom finally won.

So Emmet betook himself to the wild fragrant hills of Wicklow, there to hide until the storm should blow over, or until he could make his escape to the continent, where he could bide his time.

But as sweet to Robert Emmet as his love for Erin was his love for Sarah Curran, the sister of a school friend of his. During all the time of his planning, Sarah had inspired, encouraged, urged Emmet on with hope and enthusiasm for his cause.

Before the hour of the uprising, he had promised to come to her again as soon as possible. Now his nights on the hillsides of Wicklow were sleepless as he thought of his sweetheart. Below, in a little port, lay a fishing vessel,

sails set and ready to carry him to liberty and security if he would leave all and go. But the desire of his heart could not be stilled. The longing to see the beautiful Sarah once more and beg her to fly with him, the remembrance of his promise to her, overcame all sense of danger. In his tattered regimentals he made his way back to Dublin.

There, under the name of Huet, he hid himself in a house at Harold's Cross. It faced upon the road that led to Rathfarnham, the home of Sarah.

Nearby lived Anne Devlin, a dairyman's daughter, devoted to Emmet and to all who loved him. Every day she carried letters back and forth to Emmet and his sweetheart.

Sarah was frantic with fear for his safety. Again and again she begged him to fly while there was yet time.

But Emmet was determined to see her. He sent her word one day to meet him at her rose arbor at nightfall. Thither, in the cool dusk of the evening, he made his way. He had not long to wait.

Anxious, and fearful of the danger to her lover, but eager to see him and talk to him, Sarah came, her cheeks flushed with excitement. Long he pleaded with her to fly with him at once.

Suddenly there came a cry of warning from Anne Devlin, who had been watching for them at the gate.

"O Sir, fly! fly!" she cried. "The soldiers of the government are here. They're in the house. God help us, it is too late. They came so quietly and from the other way," she sobbed. "I saw them not. 'Tis Major Stirr himself."

With a wild cry of despair, Sarah flung herself from the arms of the man who loved her. The soldiers were

Robert Emmet

upon them. It was indeed too late. There was no escape for Emmet. He was arrested, accused of high treason and thrown into prison. For his crime the punishment was death.

In the days of his confinement in jail Robert Emmet's only sadness was for Sarah, for he knew how much she loved him and how terrible this tragedy would be for her. "More bitter, much, than 'tis for me," he sighed, "for she has not the consolation of knowing that she has given her life for her country."

When Robert Emmet went on trial, the courtroom was full of people. Nearly all the citizens of Dublin were in sympathy with him, for he was so young, so ready to make every sacrifice for his country. When asked by the judge if there were any reason why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he made no effort to save himself, and called no witnesses.

"My race is run," he said. "The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

His last moments were spent in thoughts of Sarah. News came that she had lost her reason and was not conscious of the days that passed. "'Tis better so," he said, divining that her heart was breaking.

At the time appointed, Robert Emmet died, a martyr to his high ideals. Never will he be forgotten by the Irish

people. Over and over again fathers tell their sons, as they look at a picture of a soldier in green and white and gold regimentals, of the proud sacrifice of Robert Emmet, — the valiant young Irishman, who at the age of twenty-four laid down his life upon the altar of his country that he might win for her liberty and independence!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

— Thomas Moore

IRISH MEN OF LETTERS

Jonathan Swift

Jonathan Swift, born in Dublin in 1667, played almost as important a part in Ireland's politics as in the history of her literature.

One time when money in Ireland was very scarce, the King of England granted permission to coin money of base metal like lead and iron. Wood, an English iron merchant, was given the patent to make the coins. Twenty-four of them were hardly worth a copper penny.

Appeals were made to the king to revoke his permission, but all in vain. At last five letters, signed W. B. Drapier, were printed explaining in simple terms that everyone could understand, how worthless the money was, and how much harm such a system would bring in its wake. These letters caused great excitement. Even the peasantry became indignant, and the king was finally forced to withdraw the patent.

Later on it became known that Swift had written the Drapier letters, and he immediately became a popular hero.

Swift's most famous work is "Gulliver's Travels."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin in September, 1751. His father was not rich enough to give him a university education but he did not mind that at the time, for he hated to study.

Sheridan had a keen sense of humor, which he later turned to good account. People were always glad to have him around and to talk to him because he was so witty.

One day when he was walking along the street, he met two of his friends. One of them remarked in a waggish manner,

"I say, Sherry, we have just been debating whether you are a greater fool or rogue. Which is it, old boy?"

Sheridan laughed. Then taking each of them by the arm and walking along he said, "Why, comrades dear, I believe I'm between them both."

Before long Richard Sheridan's wit brought him fame and fortune. He was scarcely twenty-four years old when he wrote his great play, *The Rivals*. This was followed by others — *The School for Scandal*, *The Duenna*, *The Critic*. Drury Lane Theatre in London was filled constantly with audiences that laughed, applauded, and went away to talk of nothing but the brilliancy and ability of Richard Sheridan, the young dramatist. Two plays of his will always be remembered and admired — *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*.

Thomas Moore

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin May 28, 1779. His father was a grocer, and expected his son to keep shop occasionally. The boy, however, preferred to write poems rather than bills; to read rather than wait on customers. Often when he was in charge the door bell would tinkle in vain while he, in the back room, recited his own poetry to a few of his friends.

When he was fifteen years old, Thomas Moore went to Trinity College, where he became a great friend of

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

After the portrait by Gainsborough

Robert Emmet's. Although he took no part in Emmet's Rebellion, his association with the hero fired him with that patriotism that is so evident in all his writings.

Tom Moore is Ireland's favorite poet. His best poems are set to the music of the old Irish melodies. They were written at intervals during twenty-five years of his life, and they mirror the hopes and fears, the joy and sadness, the ideals of Erin, both past and future.

Oliver Goldsmith

Oliver Goldsmith was born in the little village of Pallas in 1782. His friends often called him "Poor Goldy," partly because he was so homely, and partly because he never had any money. But Goldy was as bright as he was homely, and he grew up to be greater than most of his friends.

The things which he wrote have made him dear to all lovers of literature. *The Deserted Village* and *The Vicar of Wakefield* are his most famous works. They are especially interesting because they give a true picture of the people, the customs, and the manners of the time when he lived.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

EDMUND BURKE AND AMERICAN TAXATION

When Lord North became Prime Minister, England was having trouble with her colonies in America. She claimed the right to tax them; they denied this right and said that she did not know about conditions in America.

A few statesmen in England, however, became champions of the American Cause, and notable among them was Edmund Burke.

Burke was an Irishman, who had fought his way step by step onward until he became a great man in the public life of England. One of his rivals said of him, "He is the only man since Cicero who is a great orator, and who can write as well as he talks." More than that, he was the foremost statesman of his time.

He could look far into the future, and see more clearly than anyone else what the outcome of certain measures would be.

It was on a Monday evening in April, 1774. Edmund Burke was sitting at table in a little room at the Turks Head Inn with a number of his friends. Every week they met there, — the great Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds and a few other noted men. Here, before a crackling fire, they talked over the questions of the day. They were all great thinkers, and their conversation was friendly, animated and sincere.

On this particular night, the discussion was mostly between Burke and Johnson. Their ideas on the subject of American taxation were directly opposed and each

EDMUND BURKE

was trying to win the other to his own point of view. Burke had opened the question by remarking. "Isn't it a pity that at this critical time when a man of judgment and of strong character should head the government, we have, in that place, one so weak and changeable."

"Whom do you mean?" challenged Johnson. "Surely not Lord North."

"That is just whom I mean," replied Burke.

"But who could have taken a more decided stand than he? Has he not said that we have the right to tax our own colonies? Has he not upheld that statement by insisting on the stamp tax? And yet has he not shown judgment in trying to conciliate the colonies by repealing all the other duties?"

"He has done all that you say," answered Burke. "But it is in just those things that he shows his lack of judgment. He is using half measures. By the stamp tax he tries to keep in with the party that favors taxation. By repealing the other taxes he tries to keep in with those who oppose taxation. Lord North reminds me of a doctor I once read about, who said, 'I cannot leave off warm water and bleeding though my patients never recover because I have written a book in favor of it.' North fails to see that though we have upheld in the past the right to bleed our colonists by taxes, conditions may change in such a way that we can uphold that right no longer."

"Do you actually deny that England has the right to tax her own American colonies?" queried Johnson. "Surely you can not go as far as that?"

"But I do go as far as that," answered Burke. "England does not now know enough about America to be able to tax the colonies with any degree of fairness. For if she knew ever so little of present conditions, she

would see that it is far more important to keep on good terms with her colonies than to treat them severely and unjustly. Are not many of the colonists descended from the English — and would any Englishman ever tolerate an injustice to himself? Never, you will say. At present America is a great source of wealth to England. If the colonists revolt and become independent, England will lose far, far more than she could ever lose by giving up her unfair claim to the right of taxation."

"Are you going to voice those sentiments in the House of Parliament?" asked Dr. Johnson.

"I am," replied Burke, "this very week."

"You will be laughed at."

"Perhaps," said Burke. "But I am so sure of the truth of what I say that even though I fail to convince my hearers now, I know the time will come when I shall have an opportunity to say, 'I told you so.'"

"You mean — war with the colonies?"

"I do — and a most disastrous war — one in which England will lose everything, and gain nothing in return."

O'CONNELL AND EMANCIPATION

The dawn of the Nineteenth Century, so full of promise to all lovers of freedom, brought not a ray of hope to poor, unhappy Ireland. For her it still was night. The Penal laws had well-nigh accomplished their purpose of humiliating the sons and the daughters of Erin.

On that fatal night when through perfidy and perjury she lost her home parliament and was joined in union to the stranger, the saddest of her bards — Thomas Furlong — chanted this dirge:

"Oh! Ireland, my country, the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendor hath pass'd;
And the chain that was spurned in the moment of power
Hangs heavy around thee at last.
Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe
By links which a world shall not sever;
With thy tyrant, thro' storm and thro' calm thou shalt go,
And thy sentence is bondage forever."

But down from the Kerry Hills there came a man — and the beauty of Apollo was in his face, the strength of Hercules in his hand and the sweetness of Memnon's music upon his lips. The scene before him was appalling. All around him reigned death — the death of Hope.

With a glance he surveyed the scene and then he called it what it really was, "an abomination not to be borne by gods or men."

"Grattan sat by the cradle of his country's freedom, and followed her hearse," said he; "it is left for me to

Daniel O'Connell

sound the resurrection trumpet and show that my country is not dead but sleeping. I will arouse my people from their slumber. I will breathe into them the spirit of nationality. I will make of them a nation. And I will forge these five millions of people into a thunderbolt that will suffice to dash this despotism to pieces."

And mould them into a thunderbolt he did, and then taking it in his Jove-like hand, he launched it across the channel at the throne of the Georges, and thrust into the arena of British politics the Irish question — a question which at last seems well on its way toward a settlement, whereby Ireland will take her fitting place among the nations of the world, and the work of Daniel O'Connell will be complete!

Arrayed against this single, solitary, untried man were all the forces of the most powerful Empire in the world. Opposed to him were army and navy, king and parliament, wealth and patronage, peerage and aristocracy, bench and bar, college and school.

But O'Connell faltered not. Reliant upon the justice of his cause, he rushed onward into the very fires of danger. Nothing would deter him from the fulfilment of his sublime mission, to restore the dignity and redeem the honor of his native land.

First, he would revive and bring back the spirit of the ancient Gael. With this spirit he would arouse his fellow-countrymen and rekindle the old fires of courage, pride, self-respect and manly self-reliance. With a gift for eloquence unequalled even by an Irishman, O'Connell began to tell his people the forgotten stories of their country's greatness. He extolled the valor and the heroism displayed at Limerick and Athlone. He repeated the Story of Malachi, "who wore the collar of gold that he took from the proud invader." Again by

his eloquence he carried his hearers back with him to Clontarf, when Brian and his brave fellows drove the Danes out into the sea, and restored to Ireland her ancient liberties.

And behold in response, the reawakening!

The people had indeed been sleeping. Now they are awake — the old spirit has returned. Now their forms are erect; their eyes flash with an old-time gleam; merry laughter rings out resonant and clear; they walk, talk, and act like — aye, they are — *freemen!* The Irish are themselves again! They walk once more the land of their heroic fathers with the erect head and the fearless eyes of the free!

Day by day the Irish peasantry grew stronger. More and more O'Connell came to be the greatest political leader the world had ever seen.

He counselled the people against all forms of violence, and they obeyed.

"We will win Emancipation, not through bloodshed, but by peaceful means, by the force of enlightened public opinion," said he.

And he gave the people these watch-words for their guidance:

"Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong."

"No political blessing is worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood."

"Human blood is poor cement for the temple of human liberty."

"He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy."

"I will not violate, nor permit to be violated, any ordinance of God or man."

And then one day a stirring event occurred. An election was to be held in Clare. A member of parliament

was to be chosen and the Association which O'Connell had formed to promote the cause of Catholic Emancipation decided to contest the seat.

"Why not get O'Connell to make the fight?" was the query of the people.

"A Catholic might be elected to parliament, but he could not take his seat — the oaths to which a Catholic would have to subscribe are sacrilegious." was the reply.

"If O'Connell is elected. he will make them change their oaths," rejoined the people.

So O'Connell was persuaded to stand. When the election was over, O'Connell's opponent. Veasey Fitzgerald, sent a message to Robert Peel. the Prime Minister of England, in which he said. "I have polled the gentry to a man." But O'Connell said. "I have polled the tenantry to a man:" and thus for the first time in the history of European politics a real representative of the people was chosen to a seat in a nation's parliament. And so O'Connell was hailed as "The member from all Ireland."

Then one day he crossed the channel and knocked at the doors of St. Stephens and entered — the first Roman Catholic to cross its portals as a member of parliament for one hundred and fifty years. And there. where Grattan and Flood and Sheridan and Edmund Burke had failed. he caused Peel to surrender; and even compelled the Duke of Wellington. the conqueror of Napoleon. to capitulate: and taking in his hand a pen — a bloodless pen — and dipping it in the eternal sunlight, he wrote across the statute books in characters so bold and deep that all the world might read. the law that gave religious Emancipation to the Catholics of the Empire and liberty of conscience to all Europe!

THE FAMINE OF 1846

It was the first week in September, 1845. Patrick O'Rourke looked out over his two acres of land with satisfaction. The potato stalks were green and sturdy and covered with blossoms.

"There will be enough for us all," thought he. "The grain will more than pay the rent. The year is going to be a good one. Thanks be to God."

Patrick O'Rourke lived in a little hut on a patch of land that he hired from a wealthy landlord. He was poor, and his wife and children had to work hard all the time to keep themselves decently clad and fed. Like most of his neighbors, he planted an acre of land to potatoes and cabbage. That with milk from the family cow, gave food enough for a year. The rest of the land was planted to grain, which, when shipped to England, brought in just enough to pay the rent and clothe the family. There was nothing to spare, no money to be saved.

"Should the harvest fail —" Patrick's heart sank. Then, as his eyes swept the nodding plants again, "But it can't this year. The crop is too well along."

Scarcely a week later as he was walking through his potato field, Patrick came upon a plant at the edge of the garden that drooped. The leaves were withered, the blossoms yellow.

"Strange," he thought, as he touched it. "What can the matter be? The weather has been fine, neither too dry nor too wet."

There was only one plant in such a state, however, so Patrick thought little of it.

But the next day there were more in the same condition. Patrick tried in vain to find the cause of it. Day after day the crop grew worse and worse. The stalks turned brown, and the leaves showed great spots as if acid had been poured upon them. Gradually the plants decayed until the whole field was just a mass of putrid vegetable matter.

Anguish filled the hearts of the whole family as they saw their only hope of food disappearing.

"Perhaps the blight has not gone under ground," said Patrick's eldest son. "The potatoes may still be good."

With slight hope in their hearts all set to digging. Occasionally there was a cry of delight as someone came upon a hill of sound potatoes, but for the most part all were silent. More than three quarters of the potatoes were rotten.

As he looked from one to another of his family, Patrick was in despair.

"We must save the few that we have," he said pitifully. "Let us put them in the pit before nightfall. We must live on as little as we can. Perchance these will tide us over until the next crop."

From that time on, Patrick's family lived meagerly. There were a few potatoes left from the crop of the year before, and they made these last as long as possible. But soon the supply was exhausted, and the family had to resort to the potatoes stored in the pit.

It was Patrick's wife who went to get them. She was gone a long time. When she came back into the room where they were sitting together, her face was pale, her hands trembling. Her lips moved as if she would speak,

but no words came. Then, burying her head in her apron, her whole body shook with sobs.

"They're gone, they're all gone," she moaned. "I could not find one good one in the whole place. The blight has got them, even in the pit."

A terrible stillness fell upon the household. For days they had eaten sparingly indeed. Now it seemed is if they had been living in luxury. The future was barren of hope.

"There are some cabbages," cried the littlest one.

"Aye, darling, there are," said her mother, "a few. We will cook one tonight. But it must last us for days. A taste you get, but little more. With the milk, 'twill keep you alive. Ah! God knows what will carry us through the winter."

"The grain, the grain," screamed one of the youngsters. "We have not sent it yet. We can have that."

"I wish we could; perhaps some of it. But you know Lord Rodney. He has neither pity nor mercy. And if we do not pay the rent," continued Patrick bitterly, "he'll turn us out quickly. It matters nothing to him what becomes of us. We must — we must at least keep this little roof over our heads."

Days, weeks, months dragged by. Weaker and weaker grew the members of Patrick's family. All the supplies gone, they had come to living on milk and seaweed. Nor were they the only ones so badly off. All through Ireland, the terrible blight had crept, leaving the misery of hunger and sickness in its wake. All about people were begging, starving, dying.

In the ditch by the roadside they fell. Patrick's wife, seeing the distress of her children, would eat nothing. Everything must go to them. She resorted to all kinds of devices to make them think she had eaten, while she

took nothing and gave all. At last she died. Mourning, the children played no more. Day after day they had less and less to eat. They lost all spirit and all desire for anything. They came to look like old men and women.

Fever broke out in their neighborhood. People died so fast they could not be taken care of. Those who lived came to envy the dead. They at least suffered no longer.

At last one morning, news came to the little village where Patrick lived that eight vessels with provisions had come to Ireland from America. Some of it would be distributed at once among those in Patrick's neighborhood. Hope revived once more.

When the time for distribution came, Patrick was there. All his thoughts were for his children, and his face shone with joy as corn, potatoes, bread were piled into his arms. With economy that seemed like wealth after the terrible winter, there would be plenty to last until the next harvest. Patrick's little family was saved.

From other countries relief was sent, and more kept coming from America. State after state, city after city, from Boston to New Orleans, sent shiploads of provisions to the suffering Irish. Rich merchants sent money, churches aided, and even poor men and women subscribed liberally to the relief funds.

Gradually the suffering was lessened, but there had been so much illness and misery that many still continued to die.

Some sought relief by emigrating to the United States, but even on board ship disease broke out and more than half who set out on the journey died before reaching port.

By 1850 the famine had nearly spent itself and the outlook grew brighter. But the country was fearfully depopulated. It would be a long time before Ireland could recover from such a terrible blow.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

"The work men do is not their test alone,
The love they win is far the better test."

In the year 1868 there was, among the convict colony in the Australian Bush, a young Irishman by the name of John Boyle O'Reilly. He was tall and well built, with black hair, snapping eyes, and a ruddy complexion. He was more popular among the men than any of his companions, for he was always ready with a cheery word and a helping hand.

The prisoners lived out of doors in camps, and worked on the roads which were being built through the Bush. Strict watch was not kept upon them, for, with the ocean on one side of the colony and thousands of miles of forest on the other, any attempt to escape was practically hopeless. However, John Boyle O'Reilly was determined to make the effort. He had gained the love and confidence of Father McCabe, priest of the colony, and one day when they were out walking together, he said to him,

"Father, I was sent here for no other crime than loyalty to my country. I tried to help my people to secure the independence that rightfully they should have. I tried to arouse indignation among the Irishmen in the English army. I was accused of treason and for that I was sentenced to life imprisonment. I am not a criminal, Father, and yet, here and in England, I have suffered the most degrading punishment and humiliation

that can be heaped upon a man. I cannot stand it any longer. I am going to escape."

"It will mean suicide — or worse — unless you have help," said the priest.

"I know."

Father McCabe looked away thoughtfully. Then he turned and said,

"Do nothing about this until you hear from me."

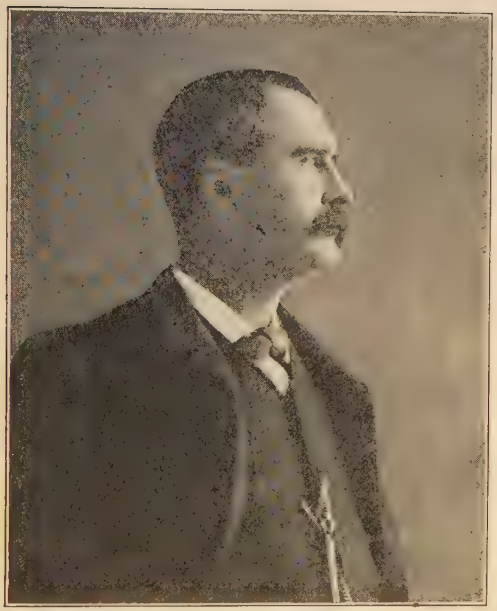
Weeks and months passed after this before O'Reilly heard anything more. He had nearly given up hope, when one day, as he was carrying the weekly report to the Bunbury depot, he heard a low "Coo-ee" from the woods along the path. Looking up he saw a young man coming towards him with an axe on his shoulder.

"My name is Maguire," he said. "I'm a friend of Father McCabe's and he has been speaking of you. The time has come for you to escape. Meet me tonight under the gum tree by the old convict station."

O'Reilly was overjoyed. As soon as it grew dark he took off his convict boots, which could be easily traced, and put on a pair of freeman's shoes that Maguire had given him. Then he set out. The stars were bright overhead, but the woods were pitch dark. After a while he came to the gum tree, and lay down to wait for Maguire. He, with a cousin of his, was not long in coming, and all three started Indian file for the shore. To conceal their number, the two who walked behind covered up the tracks of the leader.

At the shore they found a rowboat waiting and as quietly as possible bent to the oars and rowed as if for their lives. They had to row about forty miles across Geography Bay, where Maguire left O'Reilly with provisions enough for a week.

In four days Maguire came back with news that Cap-



John Boyle O'Reilly

tain Gifford of the bark Gazelle would take him aboard as he passed.

The feat was accomplished. O'Reilly rowed out and was taken aboard from his little boat. Bidding Maguire goodbye with tears of gratitude for all that he had done, he was stowed away in the cabin of one of the officers, and they sailed for America. Several attempts were made to capture him on the way, but at last he reached the United States. Here, an exile from his native land, but always devoted to her cause and her memory, he spent the rest of his life.

In Boston he entered upon his career as a journalist, and through the power of his voice and pen he became the champion of justice and truth.

Few men were so universally loved as John Boyle O'Reilly. Never was mourning more widespread and genuine than when he died suddenly at his home in Hull, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1890.

WHAT IS GOOD?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer; —

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word."

— John Boyle O'Reilly

THE IRISH NUNS AT YPRES[1]

It was October, 1914. For several days, the Germans had been bombarding Ypres. The army of the allies had entered the town to protect it, and were keeping up a brave and deafening cannonading. Over head, aeroplanes whirred constantly, one after another. Bombs dropped upon the little Belgian town, shattering the homes of the people, and bringing death wherever they struck.

Within the Abbey of St. James Street, all was animation. As yet it had been untouched by bomb or shell. The Irish nuns, anxious and worried, but with pity and love in their hearts, had offered the protection of its cellars to those whose homes had been destroyed.

Now, however, the time had come when they must leave their enclosure for a while at least. They could no longer obtain food, for they had no money; and, besides, all the grocers and butchers had fled from the town.

Sad hearted and fearful, they made ready to depart for Poperinghe,[2] a town near by, where they hoped to remain in peace until the bombardment was at an end.

Cheered on by their sweet-faced Mother Prioress, they made bundles of the few belongings they were to take with them. On each window of the well-loved Abbey, they pinned the badge of the Sacred Heart; and then, with a prayer in their hearts and on their lips, they set their faces toward Poperinghe.

[1] Ypres, eepr. [2] Poperinghe, pŏp′ er′ ang′.

The way was long and dangerous. Even as they left the Abbey, an explosion, almost over their very heads, warned them that their monastery was struck. Looking back, they saw, with anguish in their hearts, the smoke and dust of destruction rising from the roofs.

Throughout Ypres the sights were heart breaking. Broken down houses and tottering walls, buildings half demolished, half standing, met the wondering gaze of the nuns. Windows shattered in a thousand pieces covered the ground. Behind the empty casements must lie the cowering forms of women and children, doomed to starvation and death.

The little band of nuns kept bravely on. The road was thick with mud and slime, and the nine miles that lay before them seemed never ending. For years they had not been beyond their monastery walls.

Long hours they walked. The din of battle became fainter and fainter behind them. Darkness fell, and they had to keep close together so that none would be left behind. The trees that lined the road stretched out their leafless branches like gloomy spectres, and through the thick mist the moon gleamed red as though reflecting the blood of battle.

At last a feeble glimmer in the distance began to grow larger and larger. Could it mean that Poperinghe was in sight? They hurried on, almost forgetting their weariness. The lights grew brighter and more numerous, and before long they found themselves within the limits of the town they sought. Even then, they knew not which way to turn. Here, too, all was confusion. The streets were crowded and the lodging houses full.

The Mother Prioress kept on courageously. A gentleman came forward, and when she asked for directions to La Sainte Union, he offered to conduct her there himself.

There, as everywhere, the nuns had given up school and rooms to house the wounded and the desolate. But, with cordial hospitality, they welcomed their Irish sisters from Ypres, and took them in.

The next morning after Mass, the Mother Prioress and Sister Theresa set out to help their French sisters care for the sick and wounded.

They went to the big room where the patients lay. Some were upon beds, others upon stretchers. The kind-hearted nuns were struck with pity and horror.

One poor fellow, who was delirious, cried out: "My head, my head! Oh, if you only knew what it is to have such a headache!" But for the most part, the men lay, sick and tired, too weary to cry out, too brave to do so if they could.

Together the two nuns passed from one bed to another. With them they carried a bag of pears, for the cool, juicy fruit was comforting to the parched lips of the soldiers.

As they walked through the ward, Sister Theresa stopped by the bed of a soldier who was eating a piece of bread. Sitting down, she took out one of her pears and began peeling it for him. When it was ready to eat, the soldier looked at it longingly but said:

"Sister, I am sure my neighbor would like that piece."

Turning to the other, Sister Theresa asked him if he wished for it.

"O! I would like it!" he answered, "but you see, I have a bit of meat on my bread, so I do not need it as much as my friend. Give it to him for he has none."

At that the good nun divided the pear and gave some to each of them. When she was about to leave, they both exclaimed:

"You will come back tomorrow, will you not? It is so nice to see those who care for our welfare. It cheers us up."

"I will indeed come back," said Sister Theresa, and she gave them both a badge of the Sacred Heart. The nuns spent all their spare time making these badges. So many were given away they could hardly make them fast enough. All the soldiers wished to have one, for it brought great comfort to them.

But although the Irish nuns from Ypres devoted much of their time and strength in helping their sisters of Poperinghe, still they had to be provided for themselves. Supplies began to run low, and the school became more and more crowded. They despaired of returning to their own monastery at Ypres; for the town was not safe and they could not even get within its bounds.

At length it was decided that they should return home to Ireland, first stopping at the monastery of Oulton in England where they would be welcomed gladly.

It was not easy to get transportation, but at last motors were provided to carry them to Boulogne, where they were to take ship for England. The way was long and muddy, up hill and down dale. Several times the drivers were halted by soldiery, and more than once they lost their way and had to go back over their tracks.

The nuns, patient through everything, cheered them on, preparing their food and warming their milk with wine, whenever they stopped long enough to eat and drink.

When they finally arrived in the quaint little historic town of Boulogne, they found the boat was ready and waiting. The motors drew up close to the gang plank, and the nuns with their small but precious parcels were gently helped aboard. Safe now from all the terror and

confusion of war, and with the same calmness and courage that had upheld them through all their trials, they set sail for home.

And the prayer in their hearts and on their lips was that the Father of Mercy might have pity on the world and put an end to the dreadful punishment that was weighing so heavily on this unfortunate generation.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." [1]

[1] "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

GLOSSARY

Rules for pronunciation of Gaelic names

ch is gutteral, as in *loch*
c is always like *k*
g is like *g* in *get.*
gh is silent, as in English

Aillel, a̤ll′ yill
Airt, a̤rt
Amlaff, au′ liff
Armagh, arm′ ah

Balor, bă′ lor
Borac, bō′ răc
Breas, brass
Breg, brēg
Broder, broo′ der
Buinne, boo in′

Concobar, con′ cō ver; commonly called Crehore
Crom Cruach, crŏm croo′ ăch
Cruachan, croo′ hān
Cuailgne, cool′ nee
Cuchulain, coo hoo′ lin

Dagda, dăch′ dă
Daire, dā′ ĭ rĕ
Dairine, dŏ reen′
DeDanaan, jĕ ja nŏn′
Deirdre, deer′ dree
Dichu, dee′ hoo′
Dundalk, dun′ dŏc
Dunlang, doon′ lang
Duvach, doo′ văch

Eatach, ā′ ăch
Elatha, ĕ lā′ hă
Emain Maca, au′ win mā′ hă
Enbarr, en′ var
Eocaid, ōch′ ee
Eoghan, ō′ en
Eri, ā′ rĭ
Ethna, ā′ nĕ

Faughart, fō′ hart
Feis, fĕsh
Felim, fā′ lim
Fermanagh, fĕr mā′ nă
Fenian, fē′ ni ān
Firbolg, feer′ bŏlg
Fithir, fee′ heer
Fomorian, fŏ mō′ ri an
Forradh, fŏr′ ra

Glaslough, glass′ loch
Gleann Mama, glan mā′ mā
Glenmalure, glen′ má loor′
Gloucester, glŏs′ ter

Ildana, ill dā′ na
Ineen, in′ een
Inisfail, in′ ish faw il
Iollan, ill awn′

Kian, kee′ an
Kincora, kin cŏr′ ra

Laiten, lā′ ten
Lerin, lā′ rin
Levarcham, lĕ var′ cȧm
Loch Lein, lŏch lān
Logaire, la′ ry, commonly called Leary
Luga, loo′ ȧ

Maca, mä′ hä
Maccon, măc con′
MacCumhall, măc coo′ al
Maev, māv
Mag Tured, mwee′ tchĕ rȧ
Mag Slecht, mō slăct′
Mailmora, mail mŏ′ rȧ
Mananan Maclir, mä nä′ nin mac leer′
Mĭlid, mĭ′ lid

Naisi, naw′ shee
Nemedian, nĕ mē′ di an
Niam, nē′ ăm
Nuadat, noo′ ät

Ossian, ush′ een

Poperinghe, pŏp′ ĕr′ ang′

Sreng, srang

Teach-Cormaic, tŏ cor′ mac
Tuatal, too′ häl
Turlogh, tur′ lŏ
Tyrconnel, teer con′ nel

Usnach, oos′ na

Ypres, ēpr